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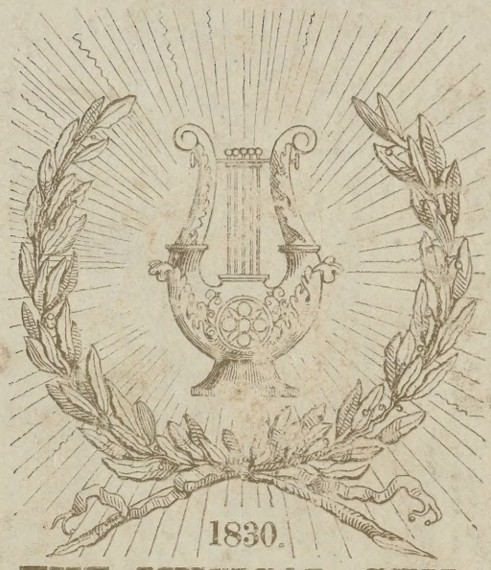

1830.

THE MUSICAL GEM.

Musical Gem 1830

Printed by Engelmann, Graf, Comdet & Co

MAD.E MALIBRAN GARCIA.

London. Published by Mori & Lavenu, 28, New Bond Street. Nov.1, 1829.

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THE

MUSICAL GEM:

A

SOUVENIR

FOR

MDCCCXXX.

RCM London

EDITED BY

W. BALL AND N. C. BOCHSA.

"And many thoughts with the wild notes fleet
Of many a parted year!
And recollections sad, but sweet,
Arise and disappear."——C. Redding.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

MORI AND LAVENU, 28, NEW BOND STREET;

AND MAY BE HAD ALSO OF

PAINE AND HOPKINS, 69, CORNHILL.

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WARDOUR STREET, LONDON.

London Published Nov.r 1.st 1820 by Mori & Lavenu. 28 New Bond St.

London Published, Nov.r 1st 1829, by Mori & Lavenu, 28, New Bond St.

To

Her Royal Highness

The Duchess of Kent,

This Volume is

Most Respectfully & Gratefully Inscribed,

By Her Royal Highness'

Most Devoted and very

Obedient Humble Servant,

William Ball.

There was a Gem, a peerless stone, of old,
Amid whose veins, by Nature's finger trac'd
In beauteous hues, the bright Apollo shone,
With all the Sisters of th' Aonian hill
That sing his worship there. This *was* a gift,
A gem indeed, worthy a scepter'd hand:
Great Pyrrhus wore the treasure in his ring*.
Such are the minds wherein the seeds are sown,
The precious germ of all the charms of life,
Soul-breathing Song and melting Poesy,
All that the Graces and the Muses love;
The sweets that, in this confine dark, o'erhang
Our barrier walls, like fruits of Paradise:
Such are the minds that the fine impress bear
Of the ethereal fire, the touch divine
That, to the deeply-wond'ring human sense,
Astray amid its countless mysteries
(Those ocean-sands of Time's surrounded shore),
Presents, and verifies, for things of Earth
Th' immortal claims, the gracious cares of Heaven.

* Pliny.

PREFACE.

THE EDITOR of the MUSICAL GEM for 1830, in respectfully submitting the present volume to public patronage, feels no small degree of diffidence in thus venturing to add to the number of our Annuals, amid such a galaxy of cotemporary splendors as now distinguish the re-commencement of the literary year. Few of these, however, being seen to bear exclusively a musical character, he trusts that room enough will yet be found for a fresh aspirant, who dares this path to the arena of public favor; and hopes that the choice which has been directed to several of the accompanying subjects, distinguished as they are in society by the highest popularity, and the selection of original productions from Composers of acknowledged eminence and talent, will be deemed not to have been unsuccessfully combined, in "thoughts and remembrance fitted*" for the gentle service of Friendship and the Muse, as another Lyrical *Souvenir*.

* *Shakespeare.*

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The celebrated Galopade, with Variations for the Harp or Pianoforte	N. C. BOCHSA	80

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. PORTRAIT OF MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA,

Lithographed by M. GAUCI *(Frontispiece)*.

II. PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE SONTAG,

Lithographed by W. SHARP. Page 1.

III. LEONORE,

Designed and executed by T. HAMERTON. Page 19.

IV. THE VINE-DRESSERS,

Designed and lithographed by T. HAMERTON. Page 41.

V. THE MAID OF ELSMERE,

Designed and lithographed by T. M. BAYNES. Page 61.

VI. PRESENTATION PLATE,

Designed and lithographed by T. M. BAYNES.

MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA.

This highly accomplished lady is the daughter of Signor Garcia, the well-known tenor singer, who made his appearance on the stage of the Italian Opera in London in 1818, and again in 1823. She was first introduced to the public, on the same boards, in the character of *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in the season of 1825, when only in her seventeenth year; and immediately secured that enviable popularity which so justly distinguishes her various talents. In 1826 she accompanied her Father to America, where operas were then performing at New York; in which city she married Monsieur Malibran. Two years afterwards she was in the highest vogue in Paris; from whence she returned to the King's Theatre in London: where she shone with increased lustre through the brilliant season of 1829.* The natural gifts and industriously cultivated acquirements of this young and graceful *Artiste* place her at the head of her laborious profession. To the acknowledged charms of voice, face, and person, she adds mental attainments of uncommon excellence. Equally mistress of the English, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, Madame Malibran has issued various musical compositions, to which science and public taste have affixed alike the stamp of favour. In the words of an eminent critic: "She has all the endowment, all the acquisition, and, above both, all the devotion and concentration of mind common to those strong and gifted individuals who rise to pre-eminence, whatever the nature of their pursuits."†

---

* Her principal characters were Rosina, Tancredi, Desdemona, Semiramide, Zerlina, Romeo, and Ninetta.

† Madame Malibran's last appearance in London was in the character of Susanna in "*The Marriage of Figaro,*" played at the Opera House (gratuitously) in aid of the subscription for Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday, October 2, 1829; with Miss Paton as the *Countess*. The performance added a clear contribution of nearly £ 700 to the list, and the Covent Garden House re-opened on the Monday following.

MADEMOISELLE SONTAG.

This eminent favorite alike of Nature and of Science was born at Coblentz on the Rhine, of parents well known in the dramatic and musical profession. The youthful *Henriette* put forth early presages of her future destination, and, having passed through an extensive course of studies in the Musical Conservatory of Prague, she first appeared on the public stage at Frankfort on the Maine. In "*The Nymph of the Danube*" she obtained a celebrity which identified her throughout the empire with that poetical appellation, and, as the *Euryanthe* of the lamented Weber, confirmed, at the age of seventeen, her claims to the highest distinctions of her art. The united sweetness and flexibility of her voice, justly deemed unrivalled, the winning expression of her features, the elegance of her person, and the sweet gentleness of her manner, won all hearts in her favour; and, wherever Sontag went, the estimation of her beauty and her talent were the same. After prodigious success at Vienna and the different German and Prussian cities, she performed in Paris in the summer of 1826 with equal *éclat*. She there received the most liberal offers from the management of the King's Theatre in London, with which, at the time, she could not comply; from the necessity for her returning to Berlin: at which capital the enthusiasm she excited was immense. Her re-appearance in Paris (on the 1st of January 1828) was in the character of *Desdemona* in Rossini's *Otello;* in which, both as a great singer and an admirable actress, her triumphs were regarded by the most fastidious critics as complete. On the 19th of April following, Mademoiselle Sontag made her *debut* in London in the part of *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Never had the public expectation been wrought to a

greater height—never was it more thoroughly gratified. Her reception was rapturous; and the popularity that attended her professional career in the British metropolis was every way worthy of her precursive fame. The commencement of her second season was distinguished, immediately on her arrival from abroad, by her gratuitous performance at the splendid Concert at Guildhall, given to assist the Fund for the benefit of the unfortunate silk manufacturers of Spitalfields. Independently of the characters she sustained in Italian opera during her stay in town,* she played, on several occasions, in selected scenes from the German; and her personifications of *Agatha* (Der Freischütz) and *Emmeline* (Der Schweizer-Familie) cannot but be remembered with delight, as among the most perfectly beautiful delineations on the stage. In scenes of tenderness and pathos, in captivating simplicity of manner, in combined brilliancy of tone and facility of execution, in equal cultivation of the imaginative and the fanciful resources of her art to a degree never attained before, this charming vocalist stands alone. If the rumour be correct that Mademoiselle Sontag (who has returned to the continent) will very shortly retire from public life, the musical world, throughout Europe, will have to regret the too early secession of one of the brightest ornaments of the Lyric stage. No female of our time has perhaps received more unqualified praise and admiration, and we are happy to add that no one has ever withstood its too generally despoiling influences more completely and unassumingly than the lovely subject of this brief memoir.

---

* Rosina, La Cenerentola, Elena, Amenaide, Giulietta, Semiramide, and Desdemona.

THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

THE WORDS BY W. BALL.

The crystal stream that leaves the lovely shore,
  Where late it smil'd through morning's golden hours,
That winds where brightness tracts its way no more,
  And silent shades its future course embowers,

Oh! in its dark'ning fate too well I view
  Mine own, from ev'ry charm foredoom'd to flee:—
So bloom'd the sweets that claim a last adieu;
  So still they bloom, but not, ah! not for me.

Ye gentle waves that, murm'ring as ye go,
  Of happier paths in soft complainings tell—
Ye silver sounds that soothe me as ye flow,
  Ye only echoes of my heart—Farewell!

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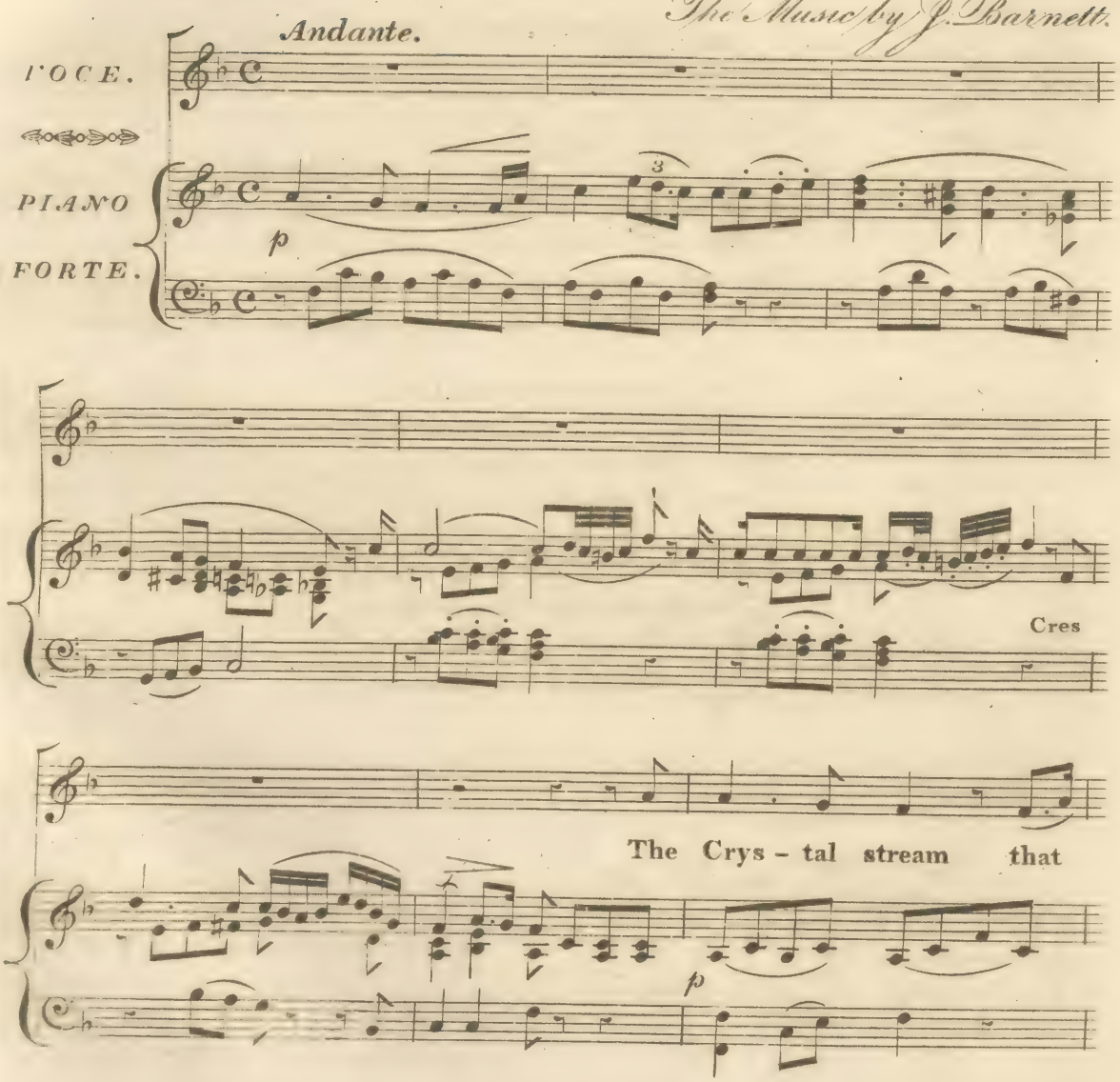
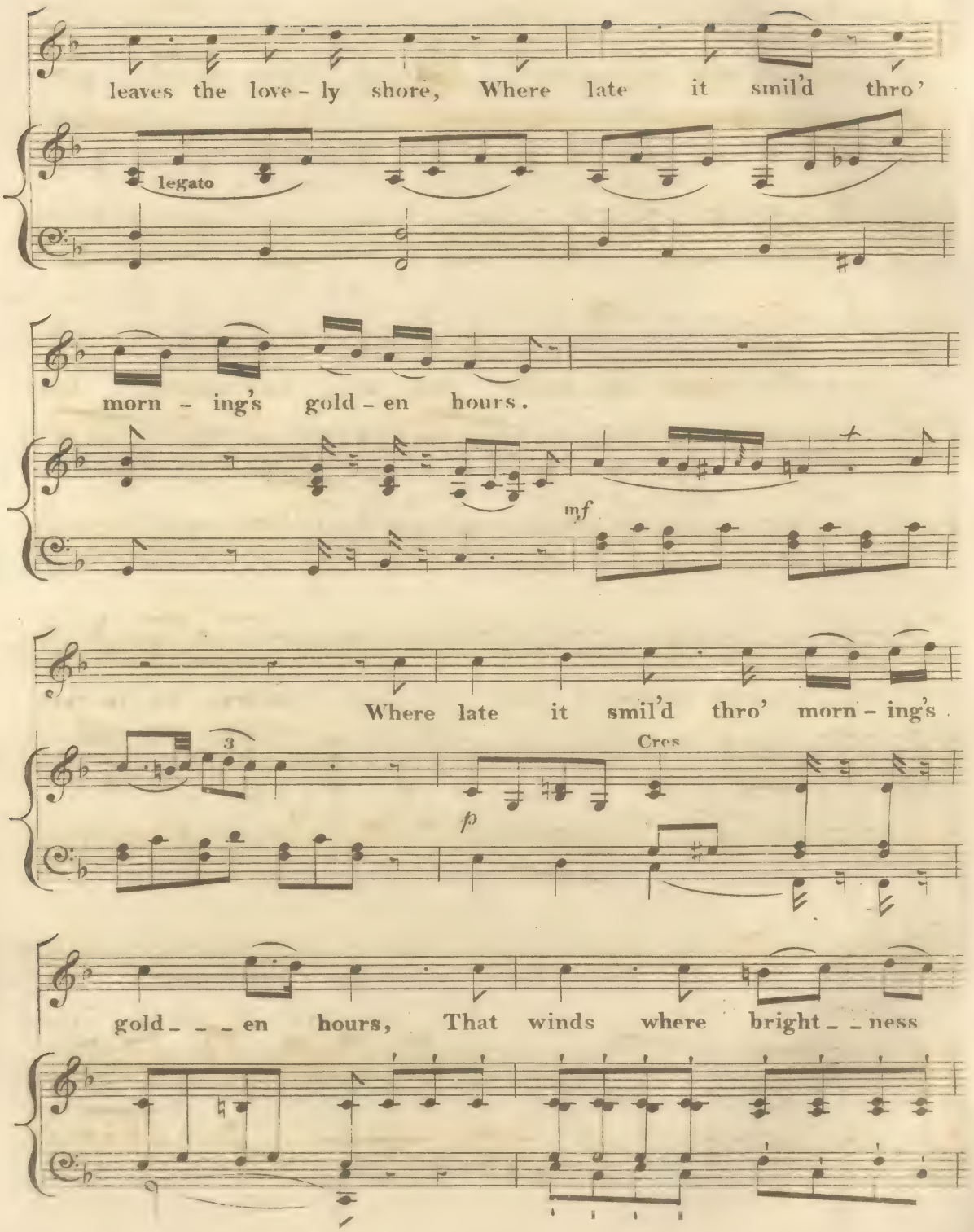
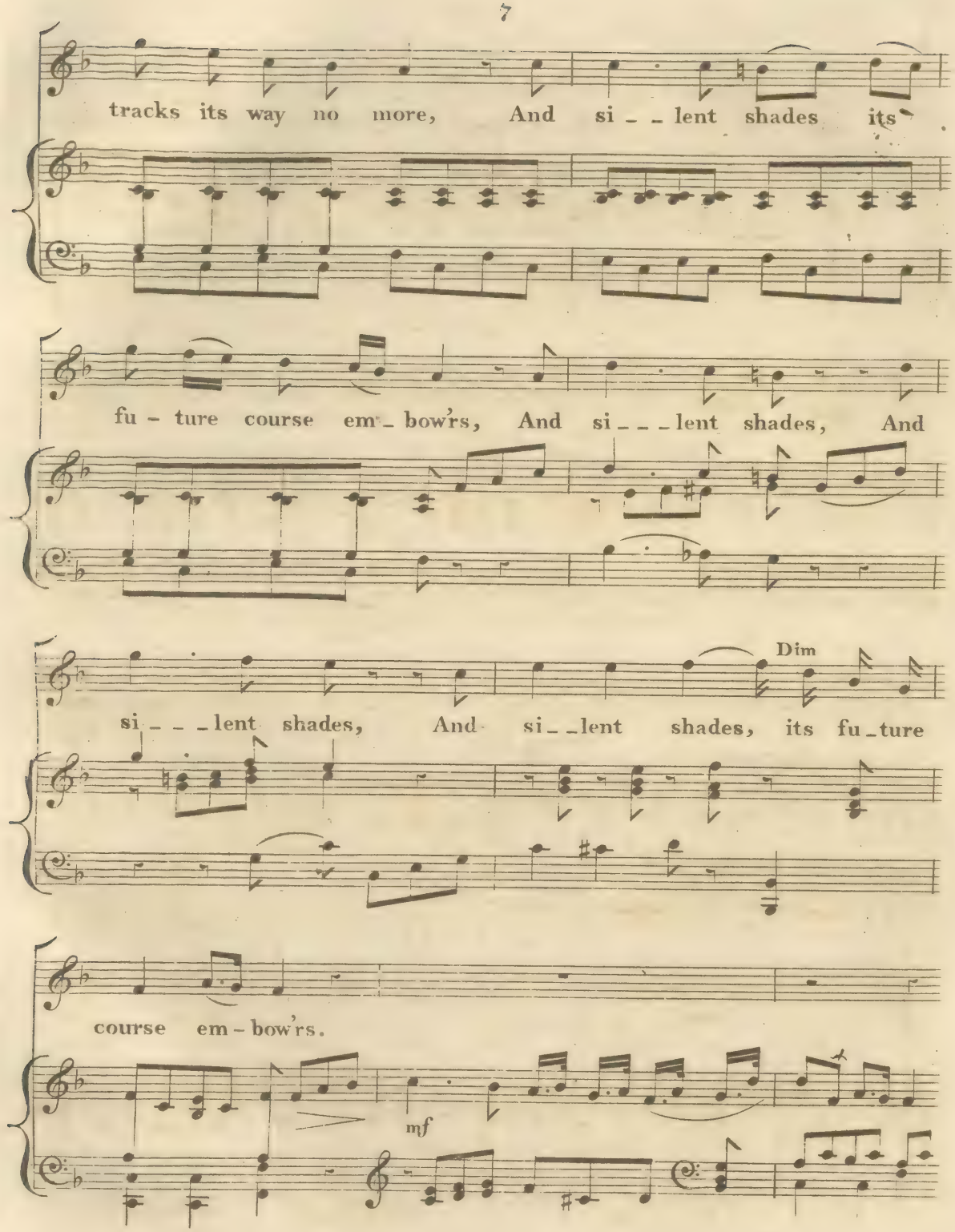
THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

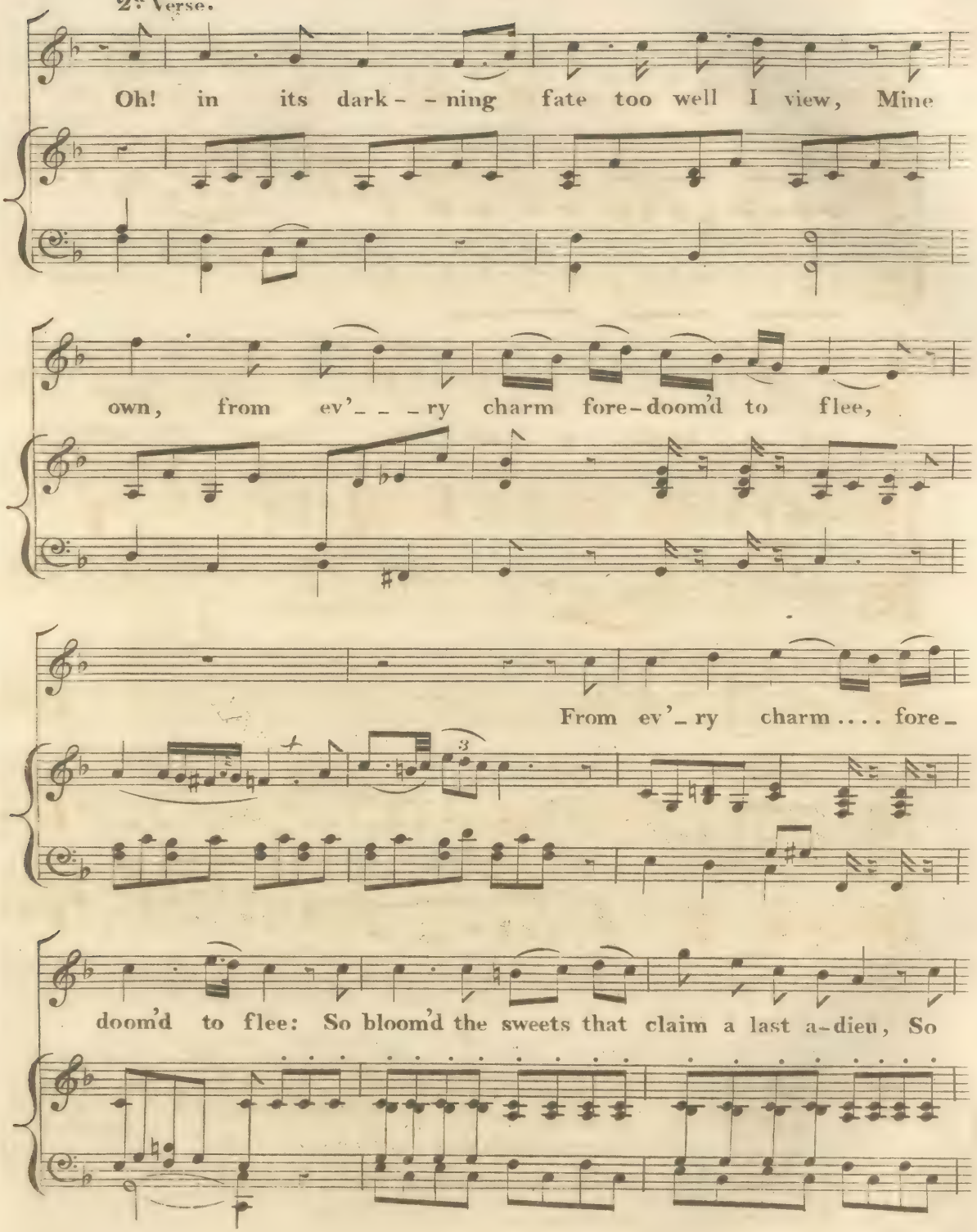
The Music by J. Barnett.




leaves the love - ly shore, Where late it smil'd thro'
legato
morn - ing's gold - en hours.
mf
Where late it smil'd thro' morn - ing's
3
Cres
p
gold - - - en hours, That winds where bright - - ness


tracks its way no more, And si _ _ lent shades its
fu - ture course em_ bow'rs, And si _ _ _ lent shades, And
Dim
si _ _ _ lent shades, And si _ _ lent shades, its fu _ ture
course em - bow'rs.
mf

2d Verse.


Oh! in its dark- - ning fate too well I view, Mine
own, from ev'- - - ry charm fore-doom'd to flee,
From ev'- ry charm .... fore-
doom'd to flee: So bloom'd the sweets that claim a last a-dieu, So

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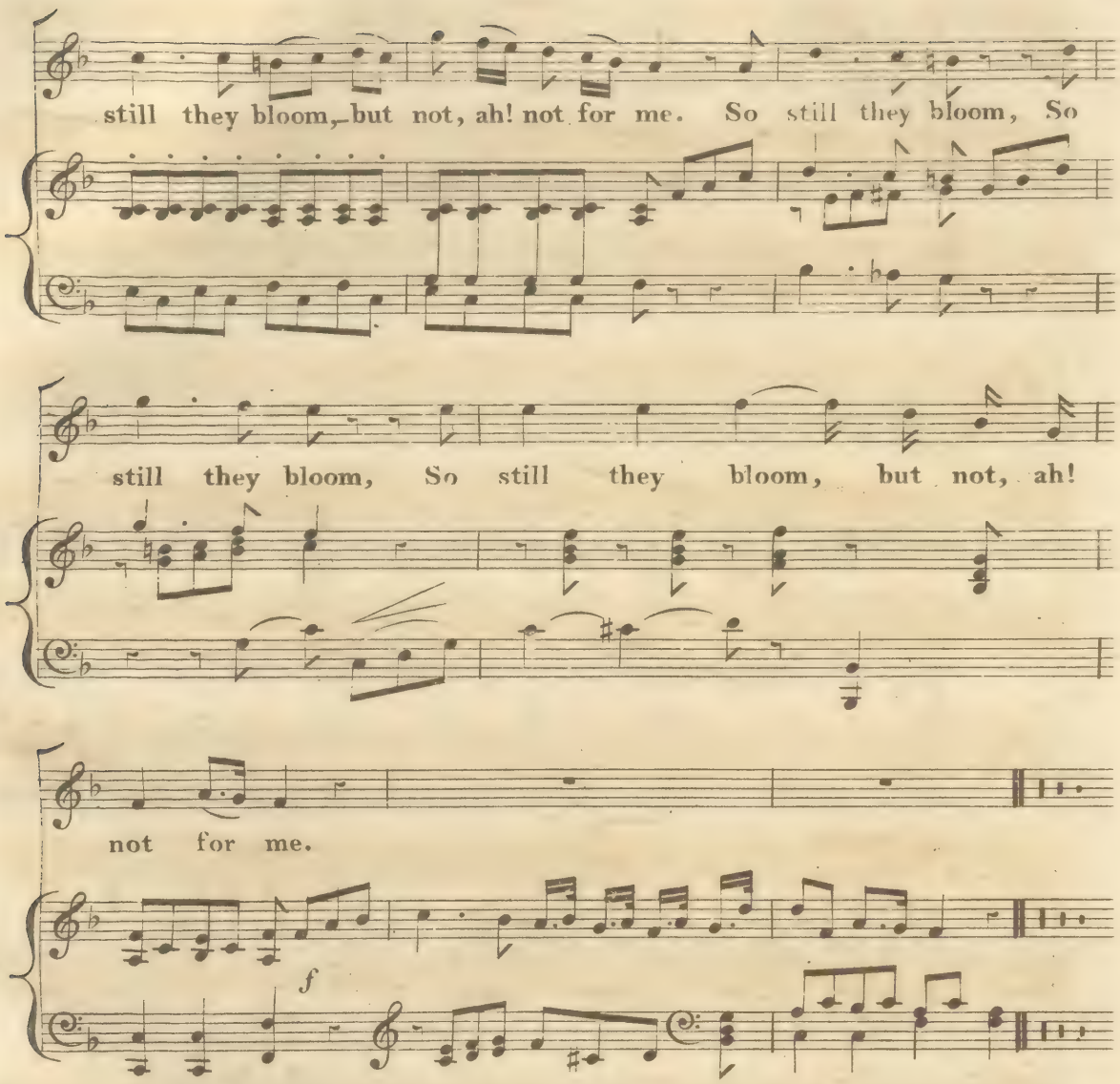
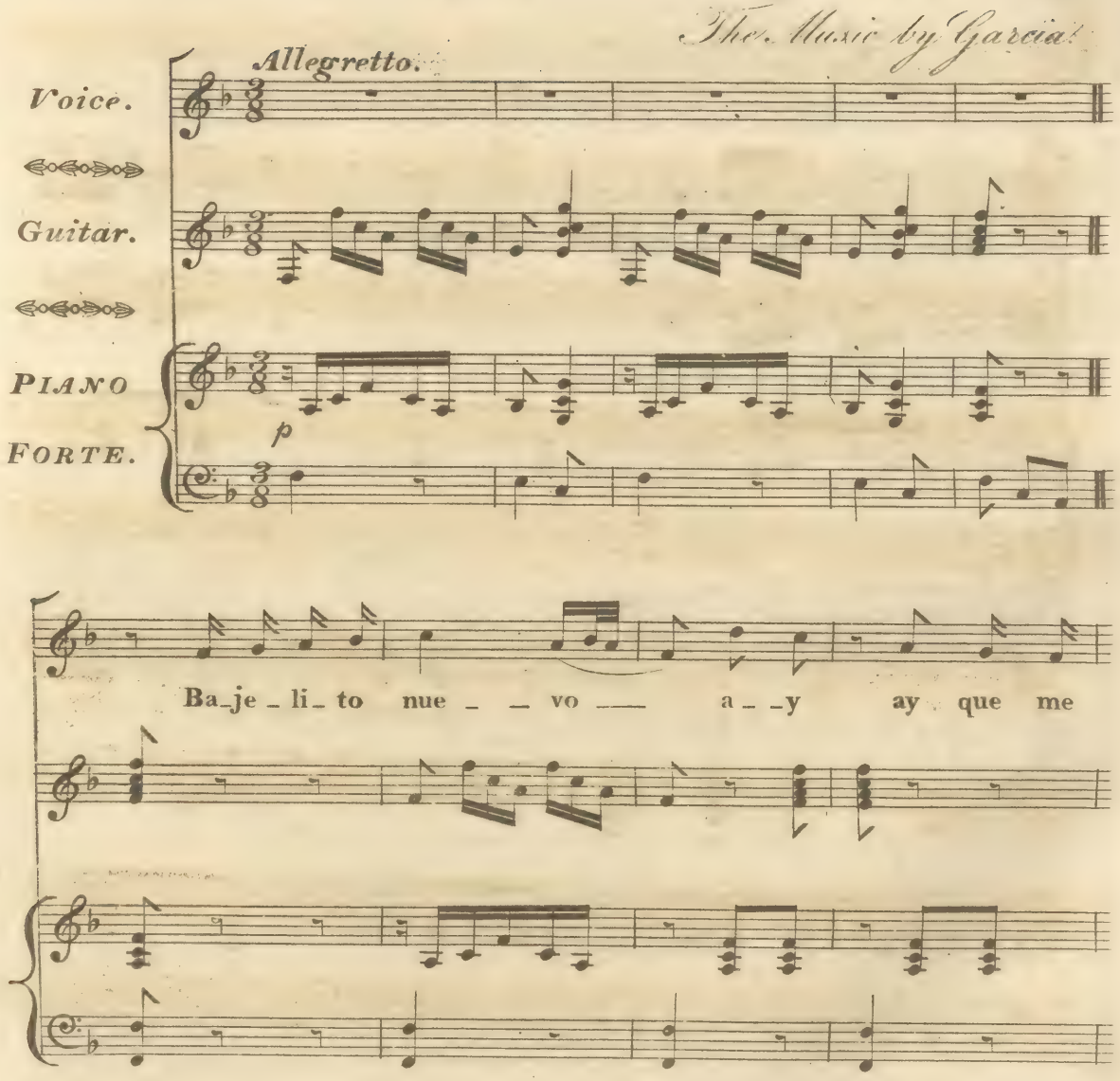
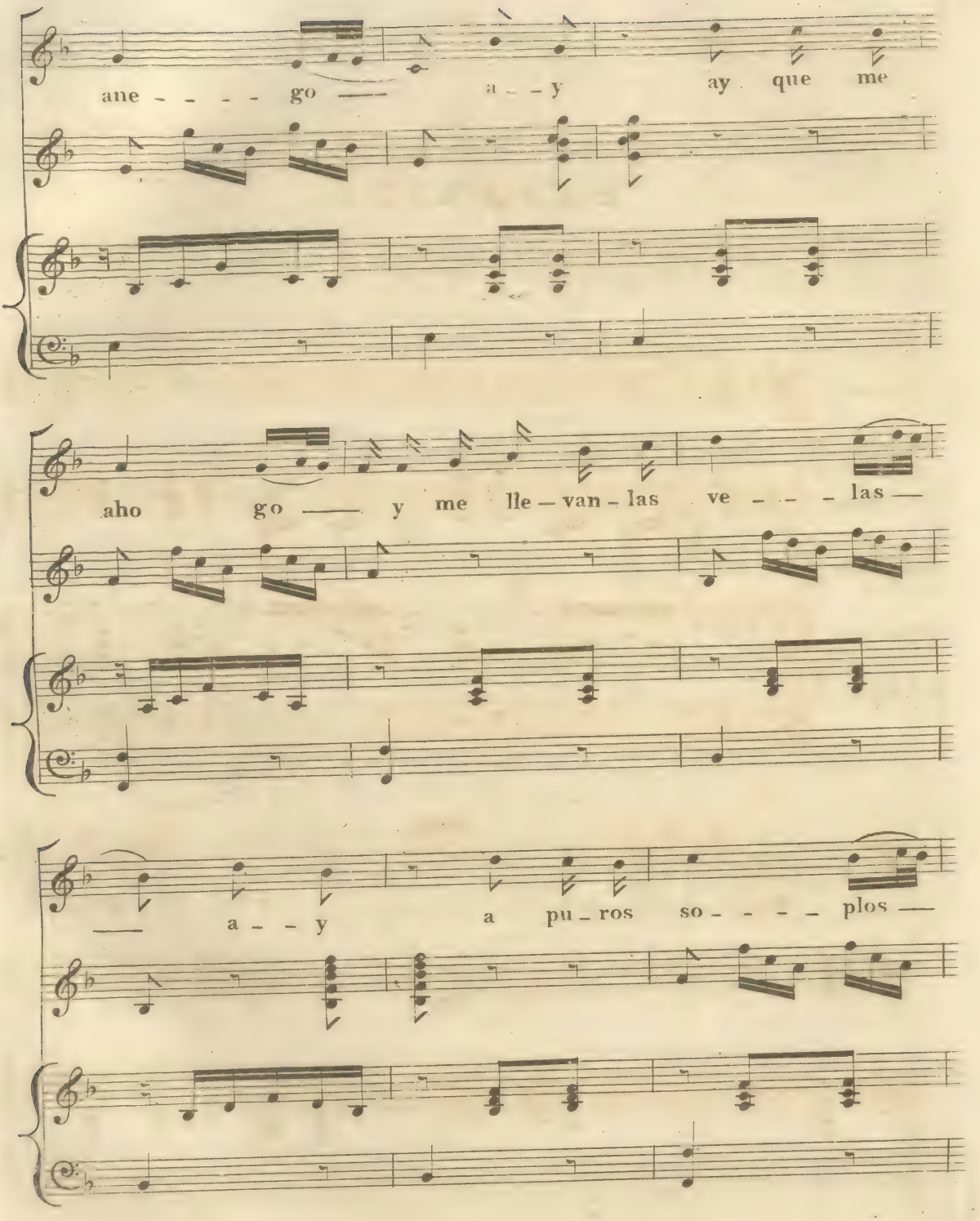


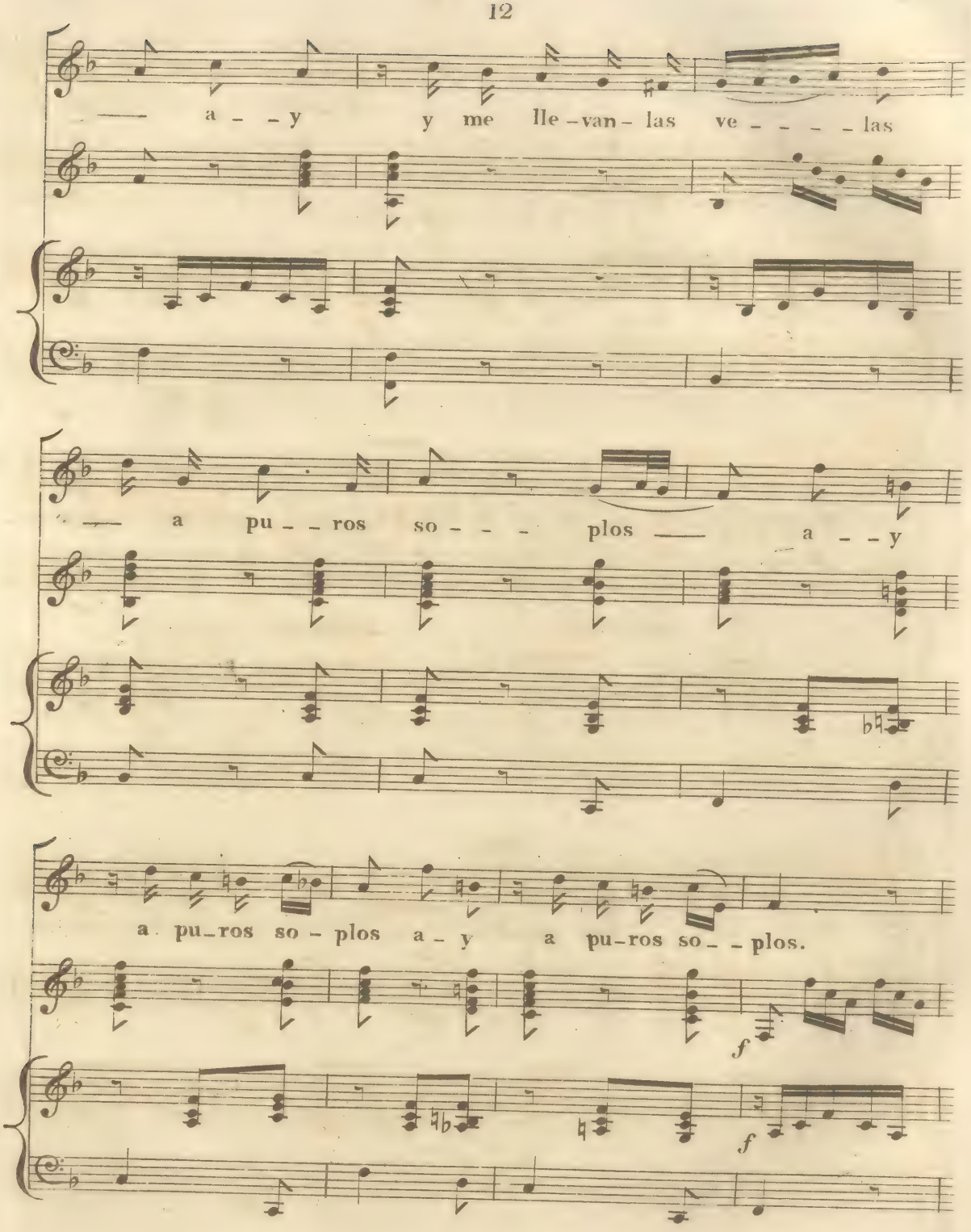
3

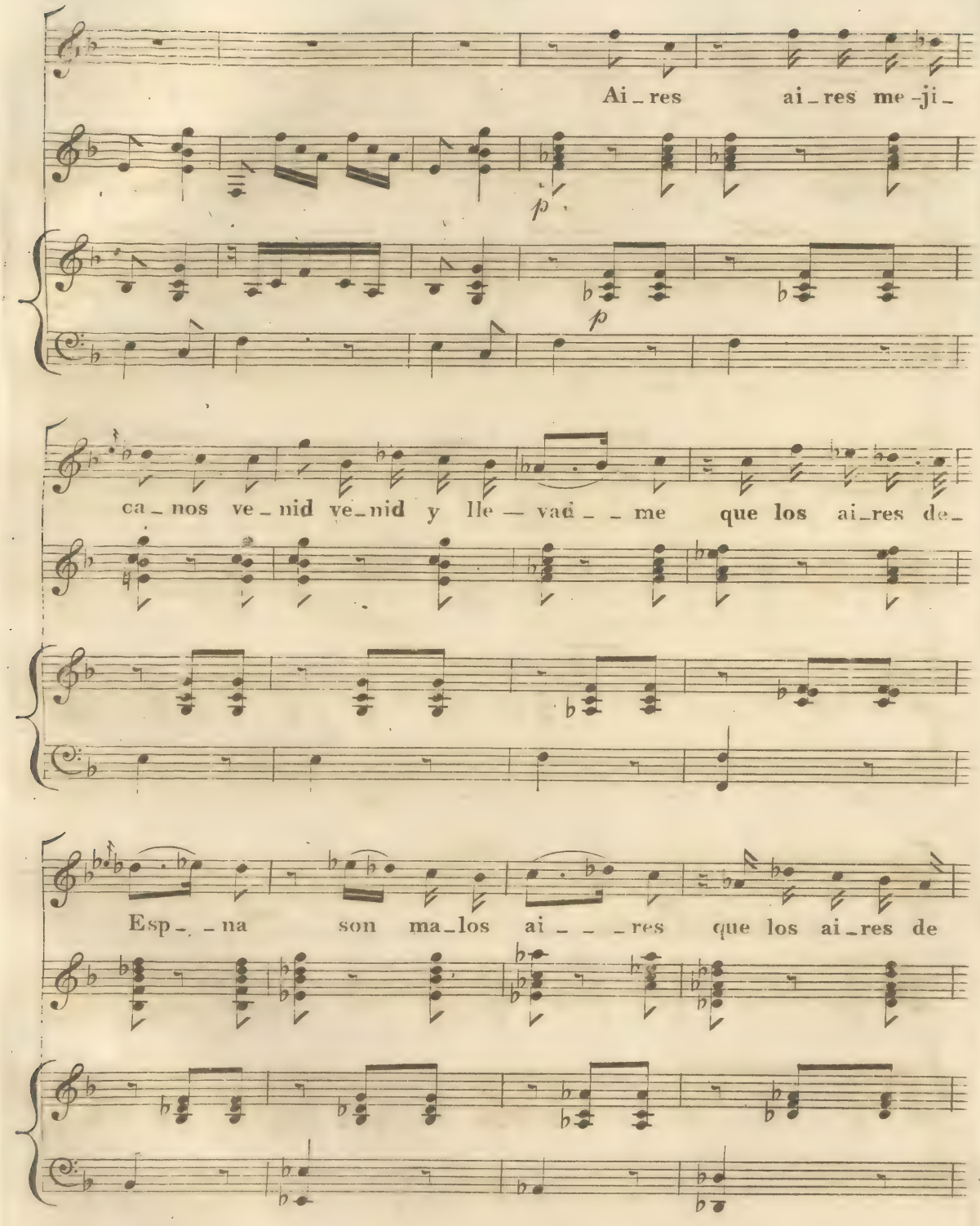
Ye gentle waves that, murm'ring as ye go,
Of happier paths in soft complainings tell—
Ye silver sounds that soothe me as ye flow,
Ye only echoes of my heart—Farewell!

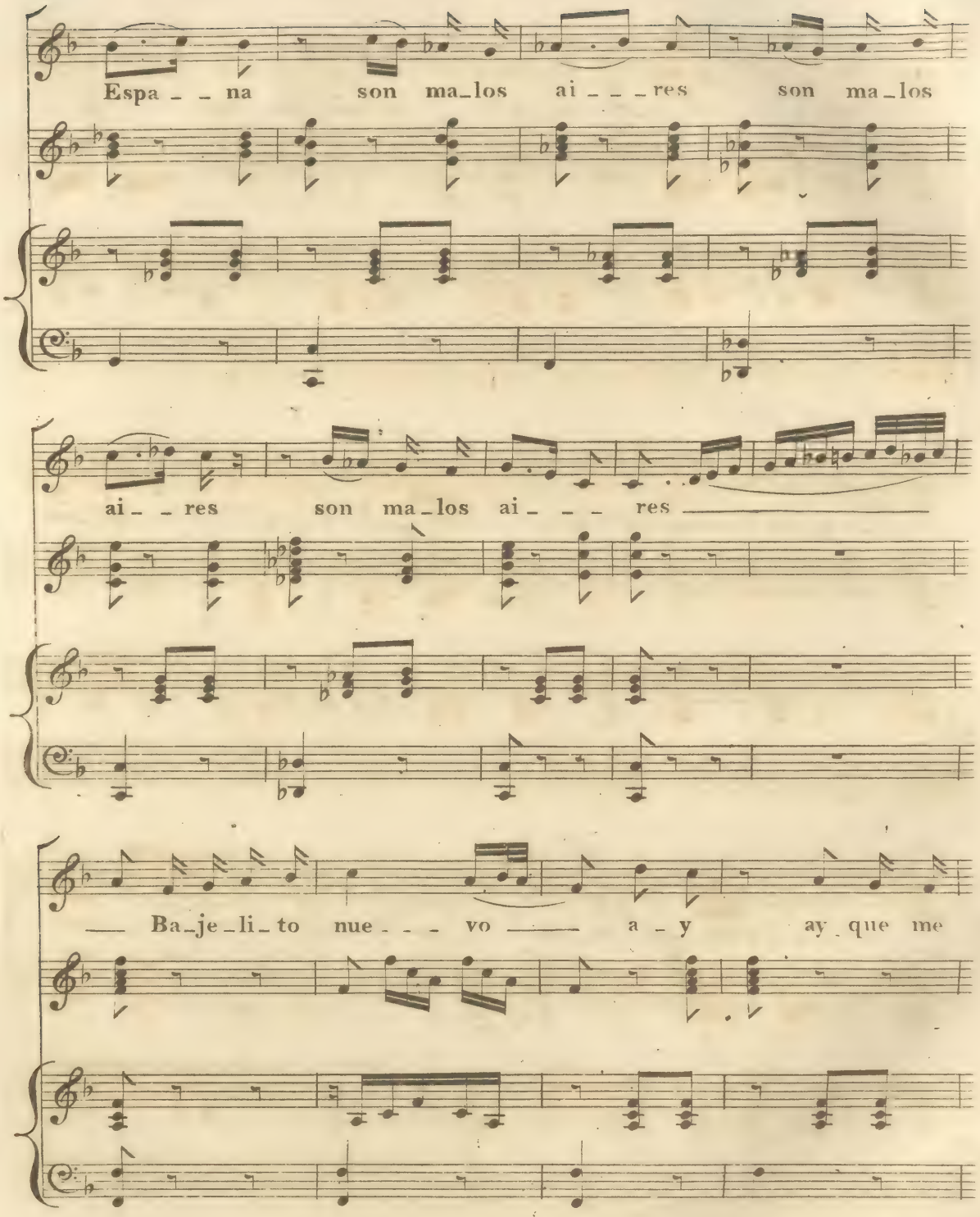
BAJELITO.

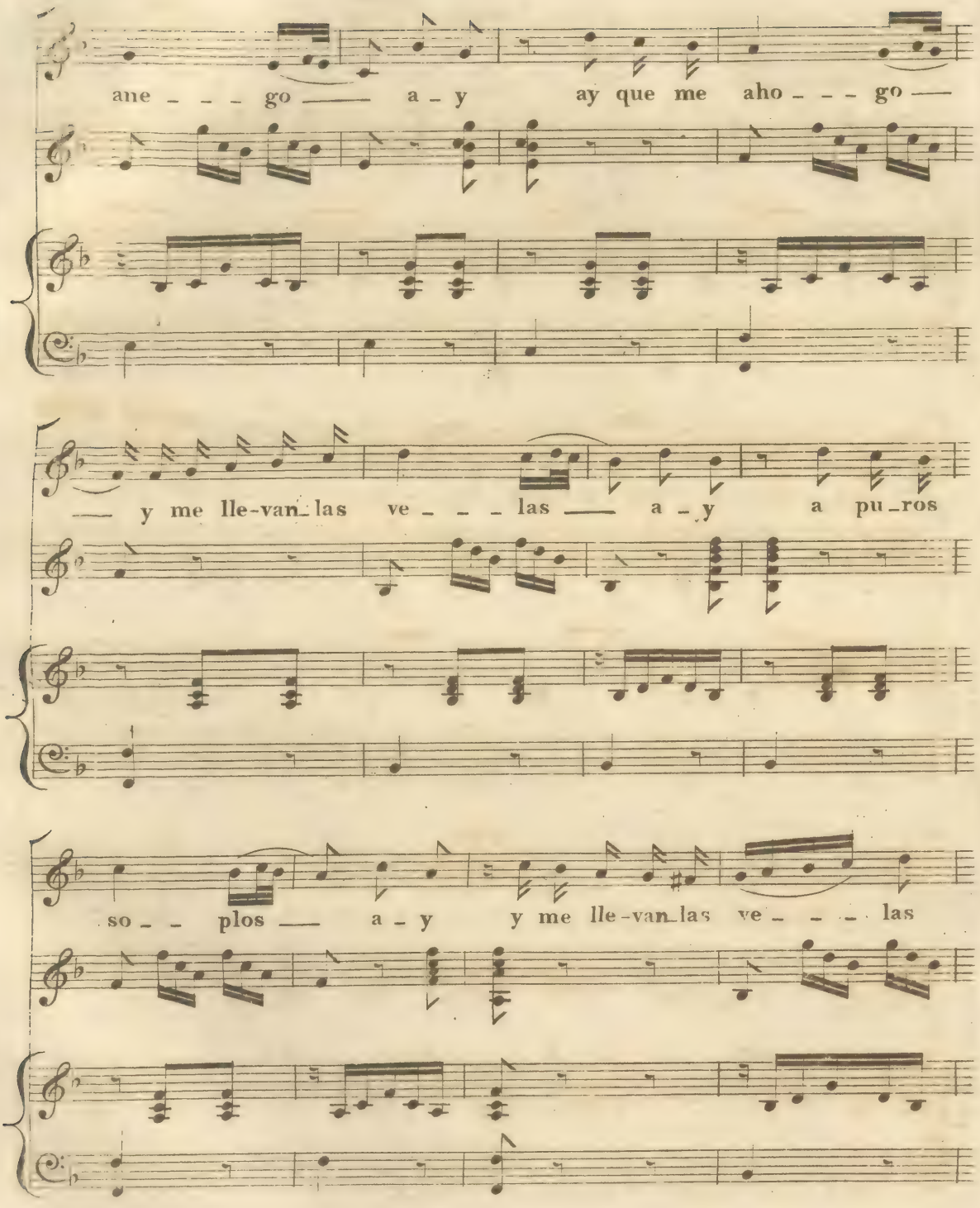

The Music by Garcia.
Allegretto.
Voice.
Guitar.
PIANO
FORTE.
p
Ba_je_li_to nue_ _vo ___ a_ _y ay que me

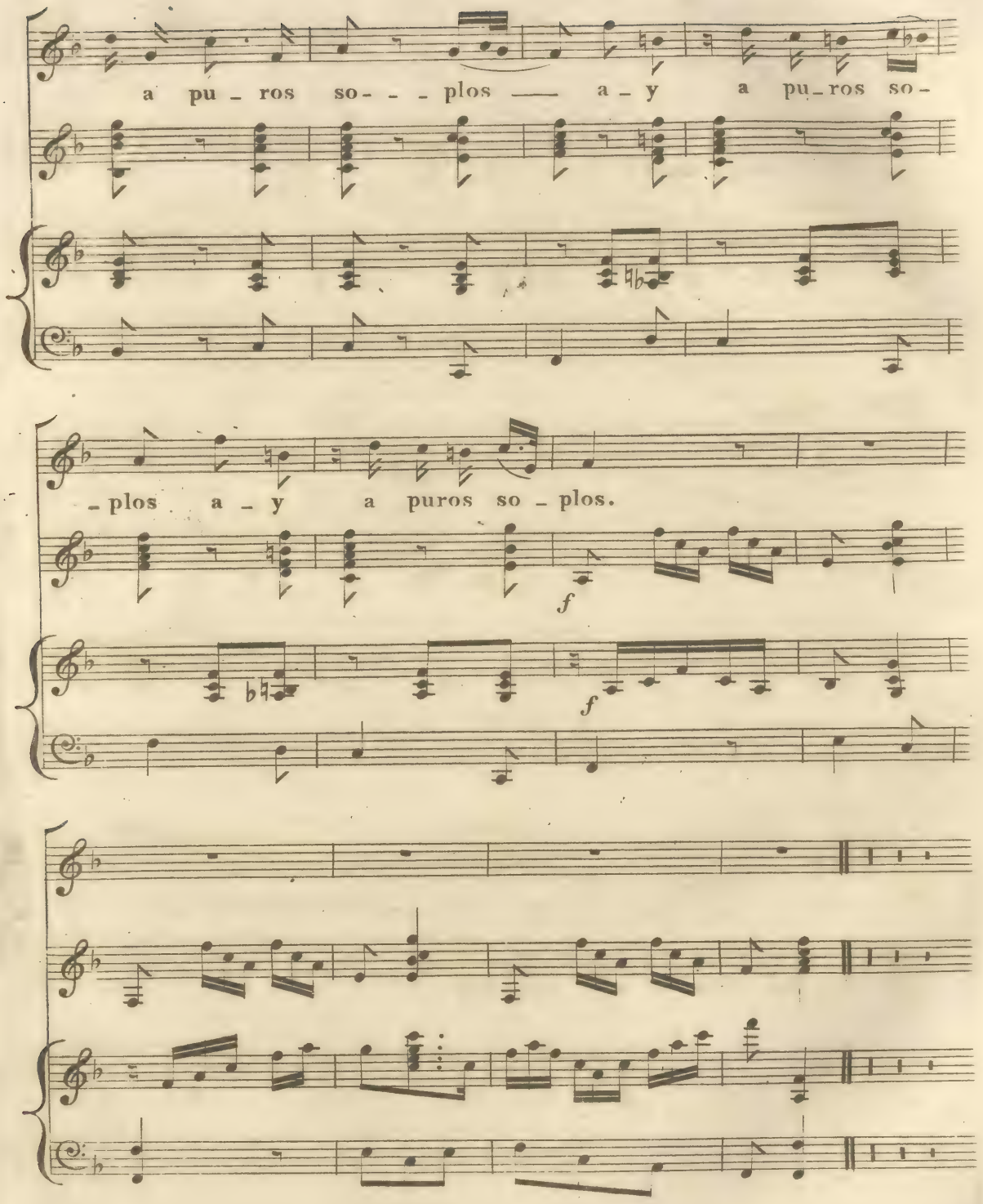

ane - - - - go — a - - y ay que me
aho go — y me lle - van - las ve - - - - las —
— a - - y a pu - ros so - - - - plos —


— a – – y y me lle – van – las ve – – – – las
— a pu – – ros so – – – plos — a – – y
a pu – ros so – plos a – y a pu – ros so – – plos.
f
f


Ai_res ai_res me-ji_
ca_nos ve_nid ve_nid y lle_vad_me que los ai_res de_
Esp_na son ma_los ai_res que los ai_res de


Espa _ _ na son ma_los ai _ _ _ res son ma_los
ai _ _ res son ma_los ai _ _ _ res
_ Ba_je_li_to nue _ _ _ vo _ a _ y ay que me


ane - - - go — a - y ay que me aho - - - go —
— y me lle-van las ve - - - las — a - y a pu - ros
so - - plos — a - y y me lle-van las ve - - - las


a pu - ros so - - - plos —— a - y a pu - ros so -
- plos a - y a puros so - plos.
f
f

BAJELITO.

THE WORDS BY GARCIA.

Bajelito nuevo
Ay, ay que me anego,
Ay que me ahogo
Y me llevan las velas
Y a puros soplos
Aires, aires mejicanos,
Venid y llevadme,
Que los aires de España
Son malos aires.
Bajelito, &c.

Fragática nueva,
Llévame al puerto
Objeto delicioso
De mi contento
Llévame pronto,
Que allí me espera
Quien sabe cariñoso
Quitar mis penas.
Bajelito, &c.

THE DENIAL.

THE WORDS BY W. BALL.*

Camarillo, no! I tell you, no!—
'Tis not for *you* the grove I stray;
No, I must repel you: go,—
'Tis but to hear the wood-bird's lay,
The pretty wood-bird's lay.

Sweetly that strain is thrilling,—
The shade with music filling;
But there no arts betraying
Amid the song are playing:
Have *you,* in all you bring me,
Any such, to say or sing me?

Camarillo, no! I tell you, no!—
'Tis not for *you* the grove I stray;
No, I must repel you: go,—
'Tis but to hear the wood-bird's lay,
The pretty wood-bird's lay.

* It will be perceived that the words above given, though strictly written to the music, are not a translation of "*Bajelito.*" The alteration has been adopted as more suitable for the Canzonet in an English form.

LEONORE.

THE WORDS BY J. G. SEYMOUR.

"Oh! swiftly hie thee, where, lightly falling,
The streamlet passes yon humble door,
And there entreat thee—on *Herman* calling—
The shepherd hither—to LEONORE.
To yonder fountain first gently lead me—
Thy weary duty will soon be o'er;
My faithful maiden—then kindly speed thee—
The hours are number'd—of LEONORE."

"O tell me, *Herman*—dost thou remember
This form so faded, this alter'd brow?
And say, ere leaves me life's failing ember,
Thy son—thy *Adolf*?—where is he now?"
"Oh, hapless lady!—when thou wert given
To wed another of wealth and store,
His heart and service, resign'd to Heav'n,
Were lost for ever to LEONORE.

From death to raise thee were *crowns* the guerdon,
And *Adolf's*, only, the hand to save,
He could not hear thee—to speak thy pardon:
Yon convent holds him—his living grave."
"Oh! *Herman*, cease thee—the fatal sorrow
That rends my bosom can bear no more:
Night closes round me, and never morrow
Again shall waken for LEONORE."

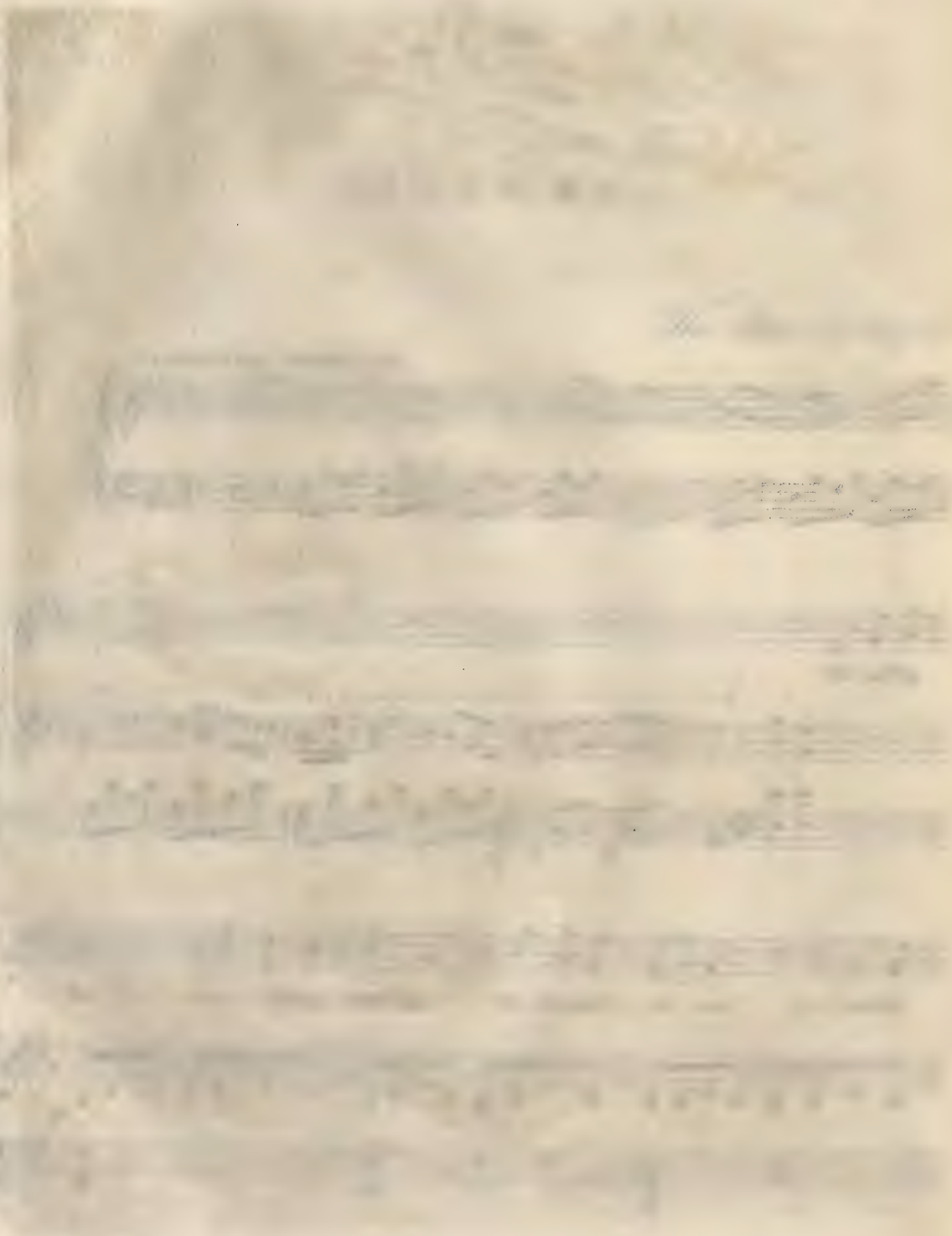
Designed and Drawn on Stone by R. J. Hamerton, 1, Wellington Terrace, Waterloo Road.

Printed by Engelmann, Graf, Coindet & Co

From Death to raise thee were crowns the guerdon,
And Adolfs only the hand to save
He could not hear thee: to speak thy pardon
Yon Convent holds him, his living grave.

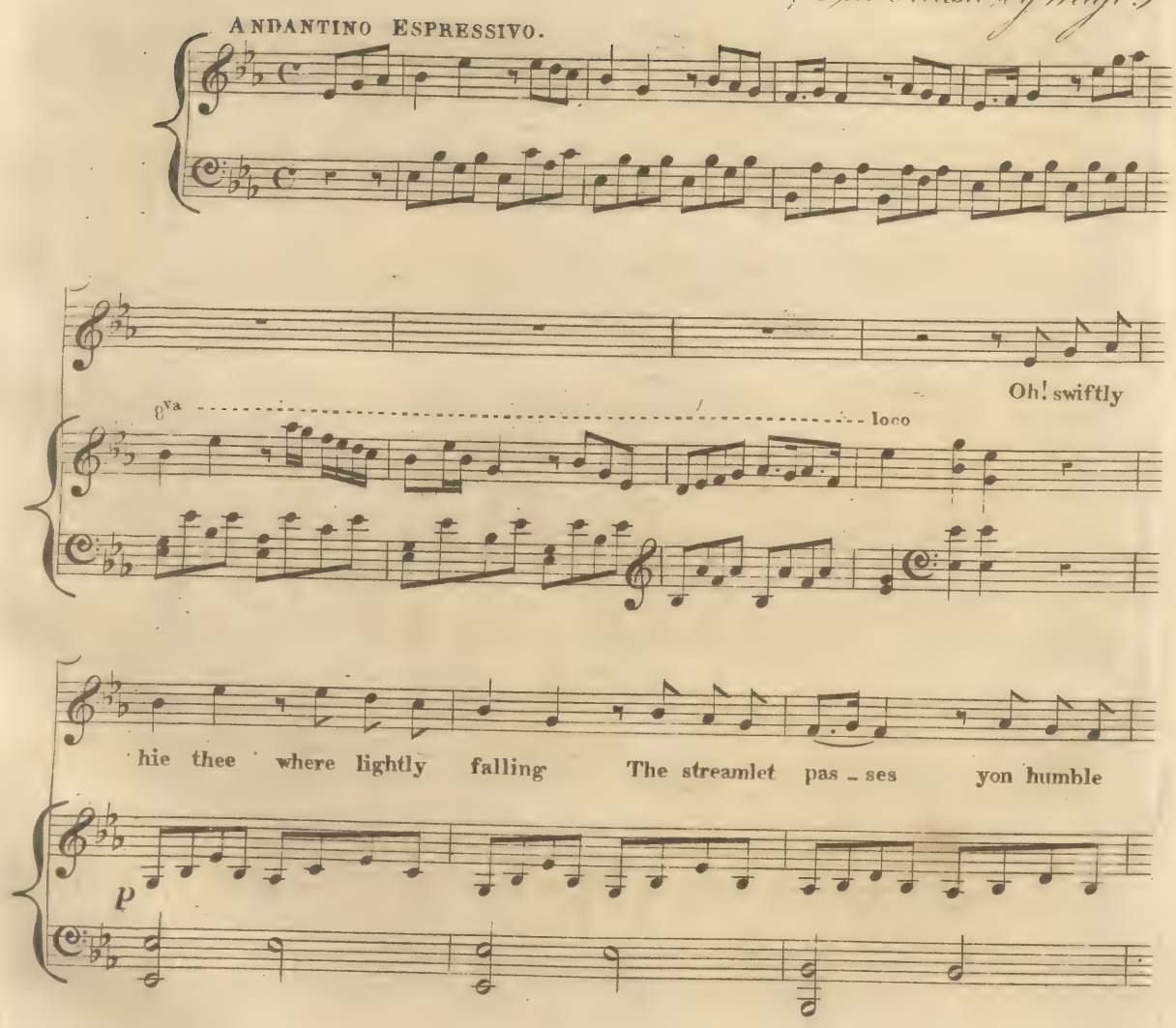
(*Vide* "Leonore")

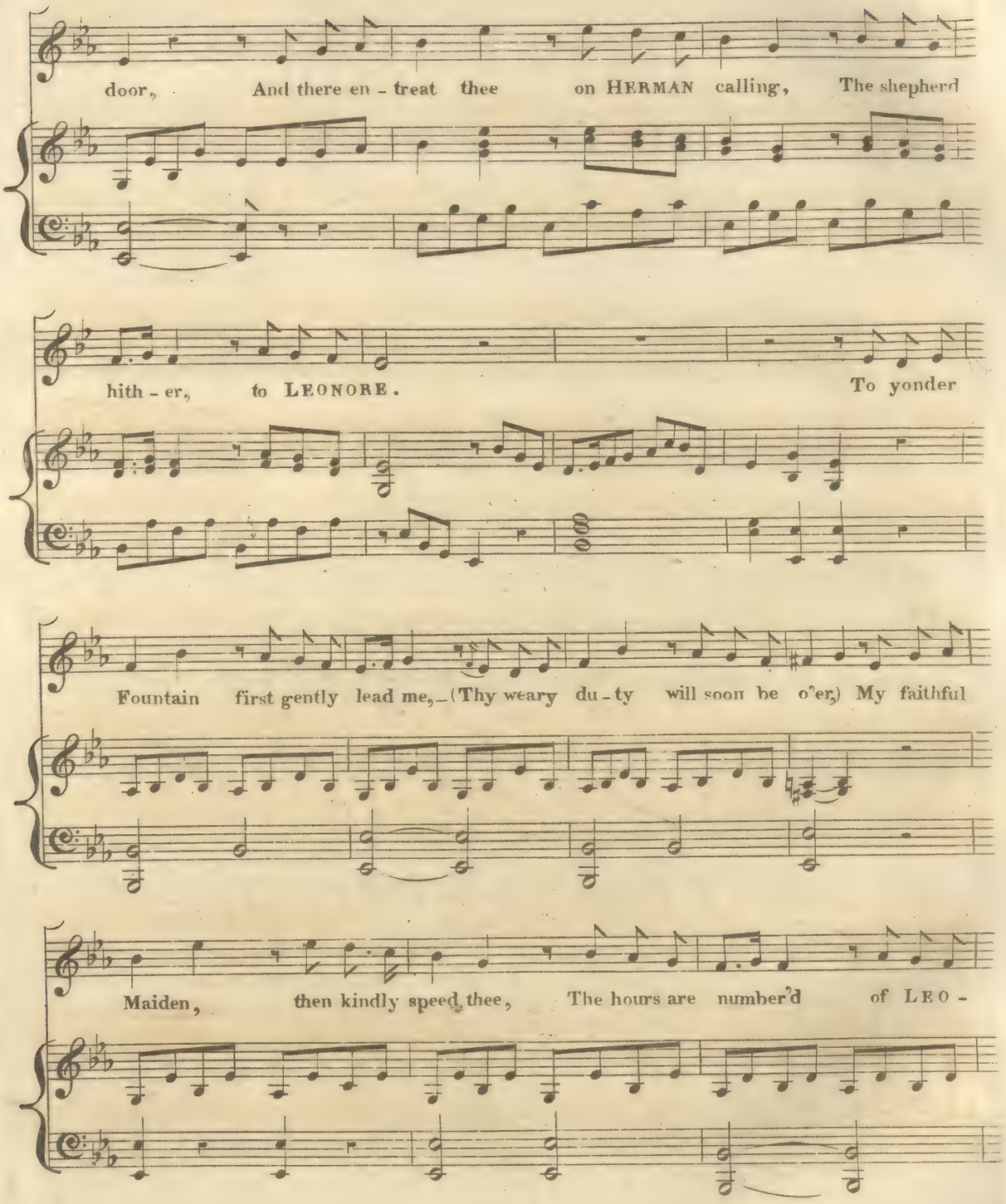
London: Published by Mori & Lavenu, 28, New Bond St. Nov.r 1, 1829.

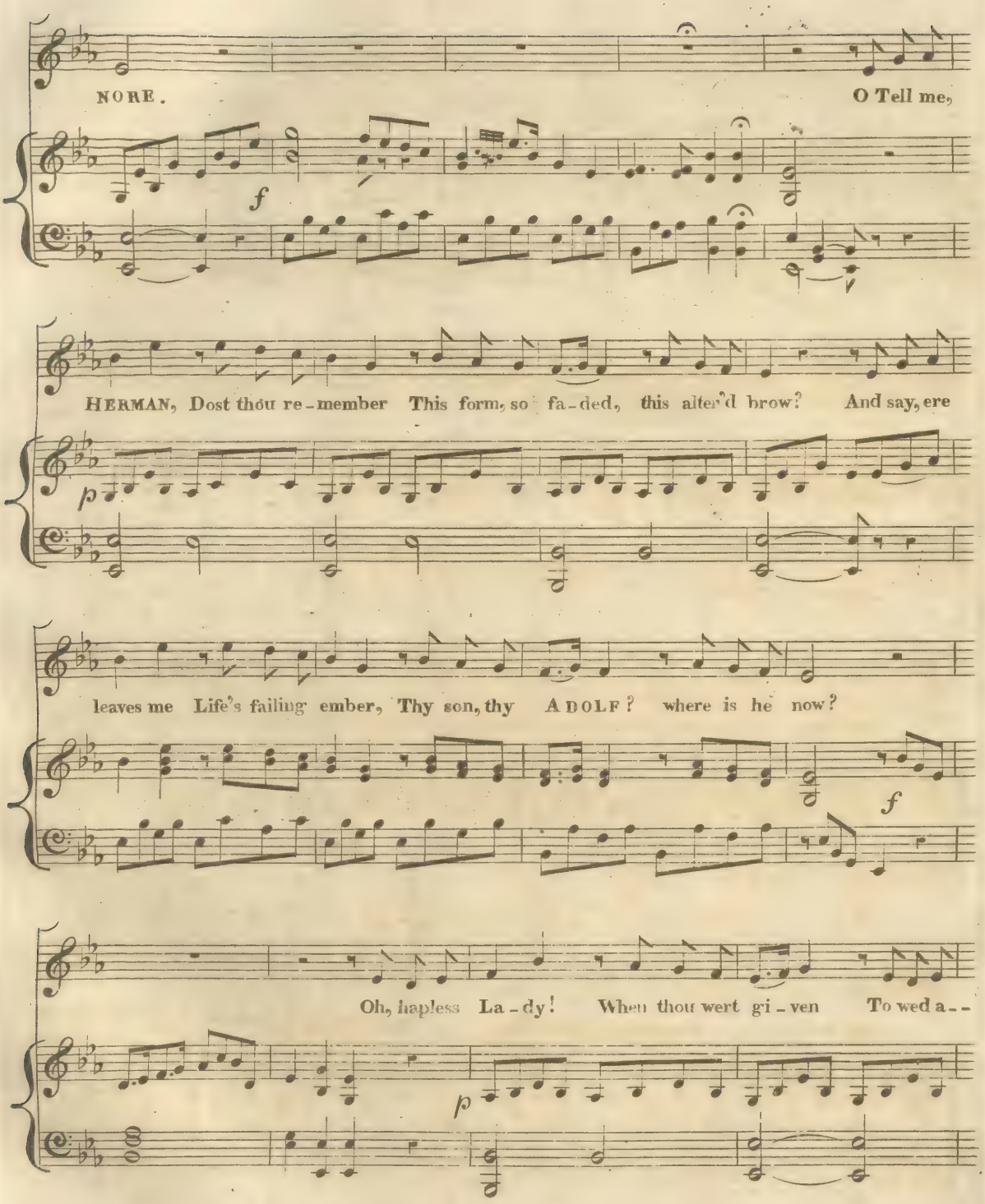


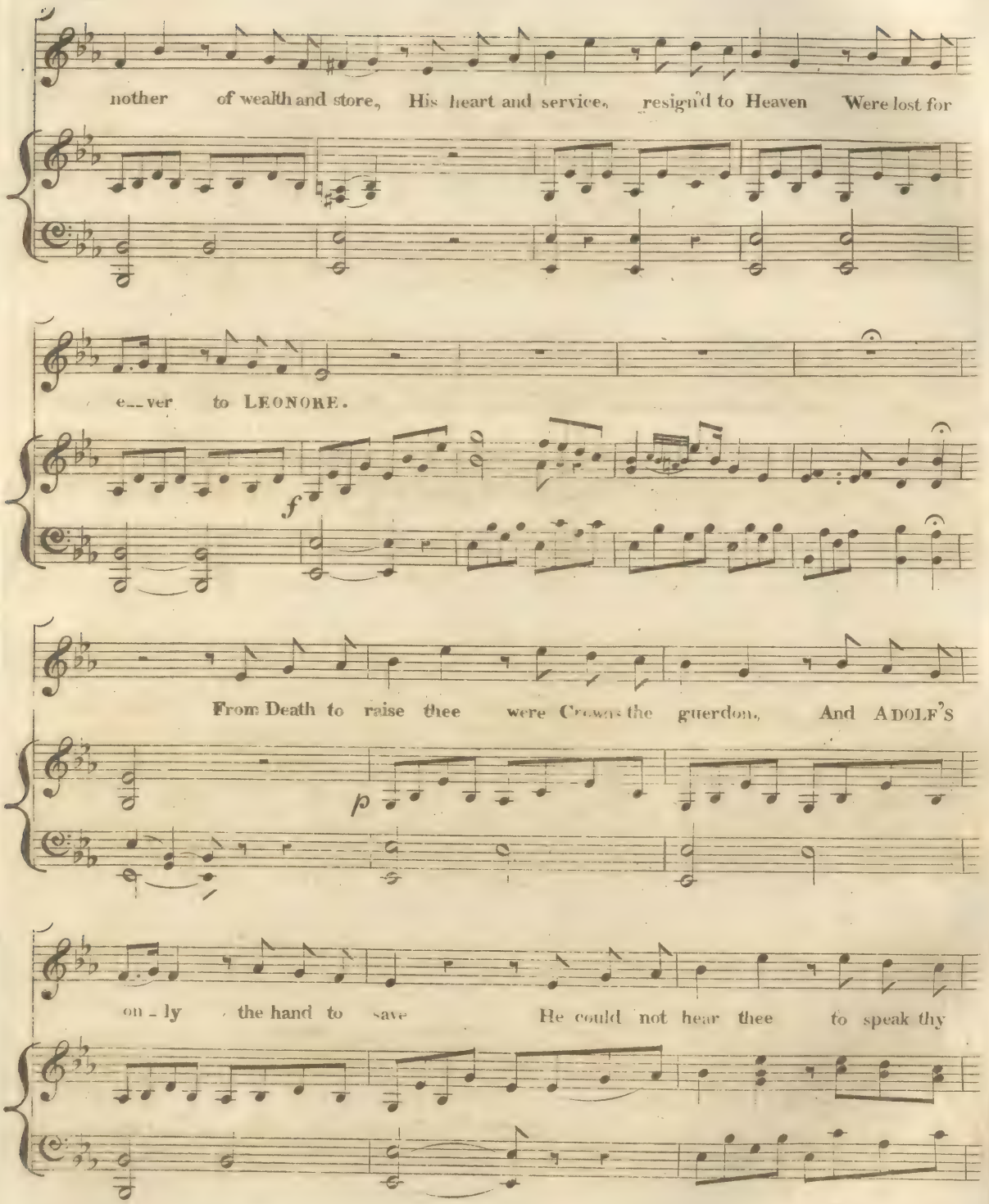
LEONORE.

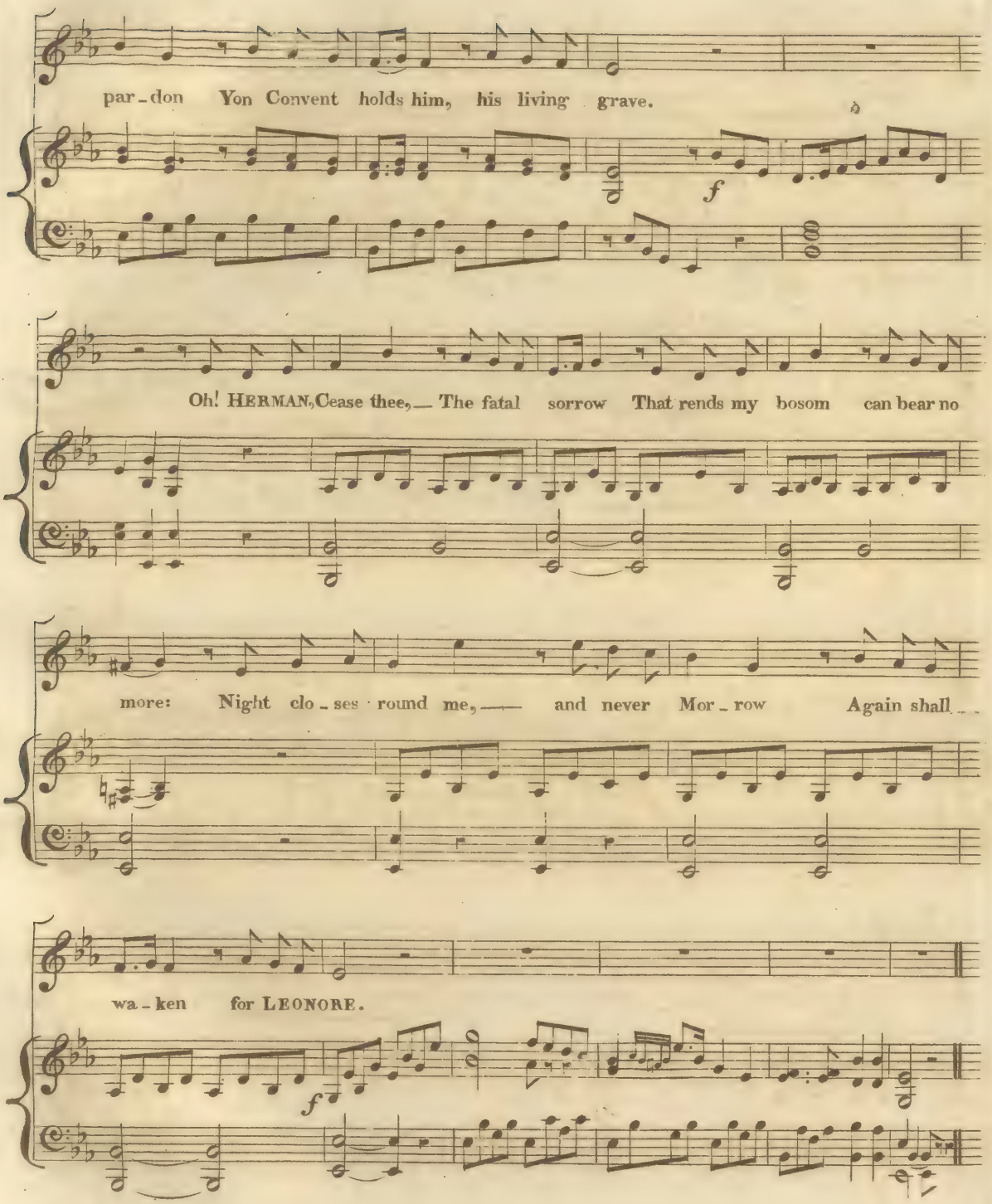
(The Music by Weigl.)




door, And there en - treat thee on HERMAN calling, The shepherd
hith - er, to LEONORE. To yonder
Fountain first gently lead me, - (Thy weary du - ty will soon be o'er,) My faithful
Maiden, then kindly speed thee, The hours are number'd of LEO -

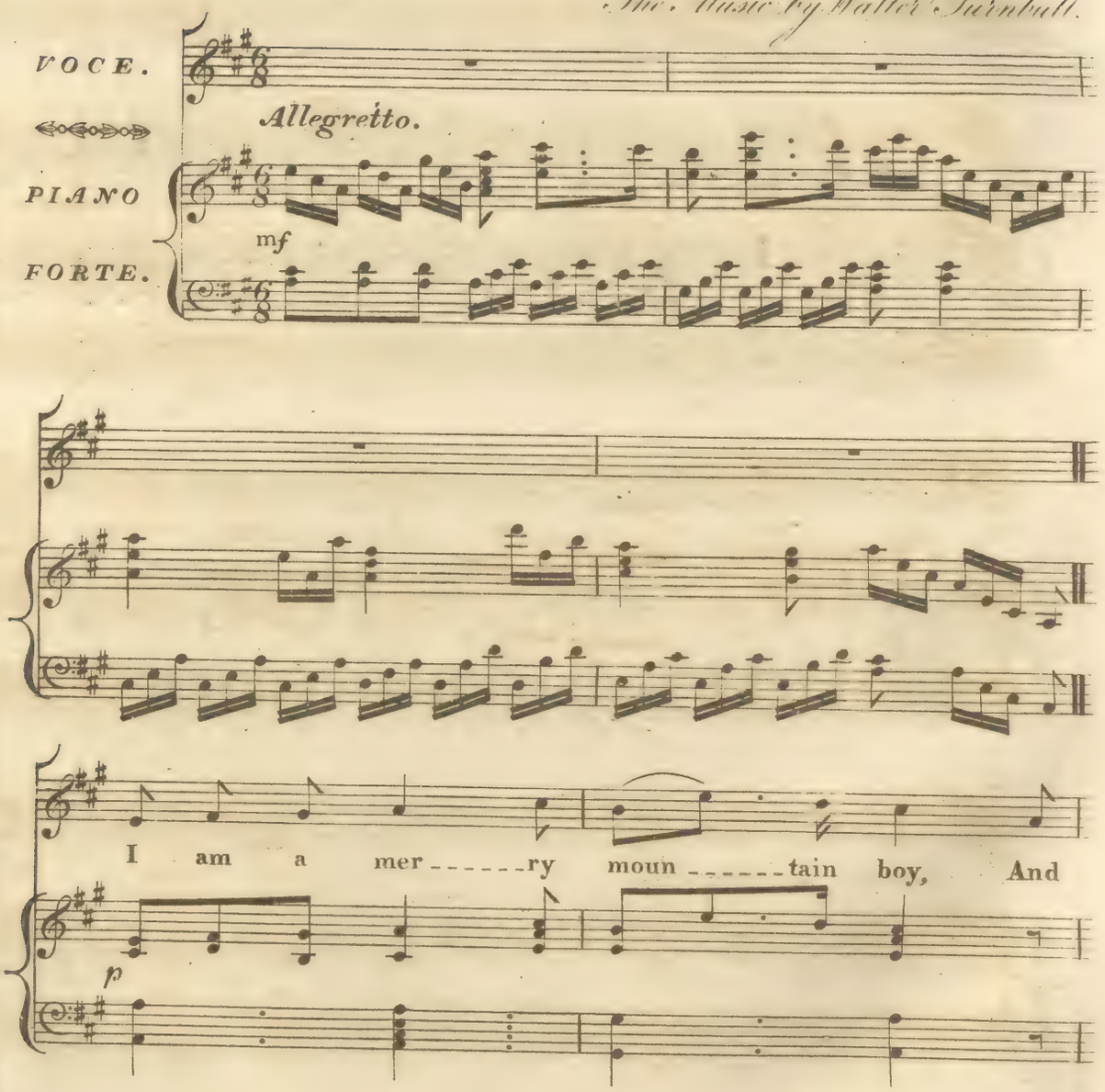

NORE.
O Tell me,
f
HERMAN, Dost thou re-member This form, so fa-ded, this alter'd brow? And say, ere
p
leaves me Life's failing ember, Thy son, thy ADOLF? where is he now?
f
Oh, hapless La-dy! When thou wert gi-ven To wed a--
p

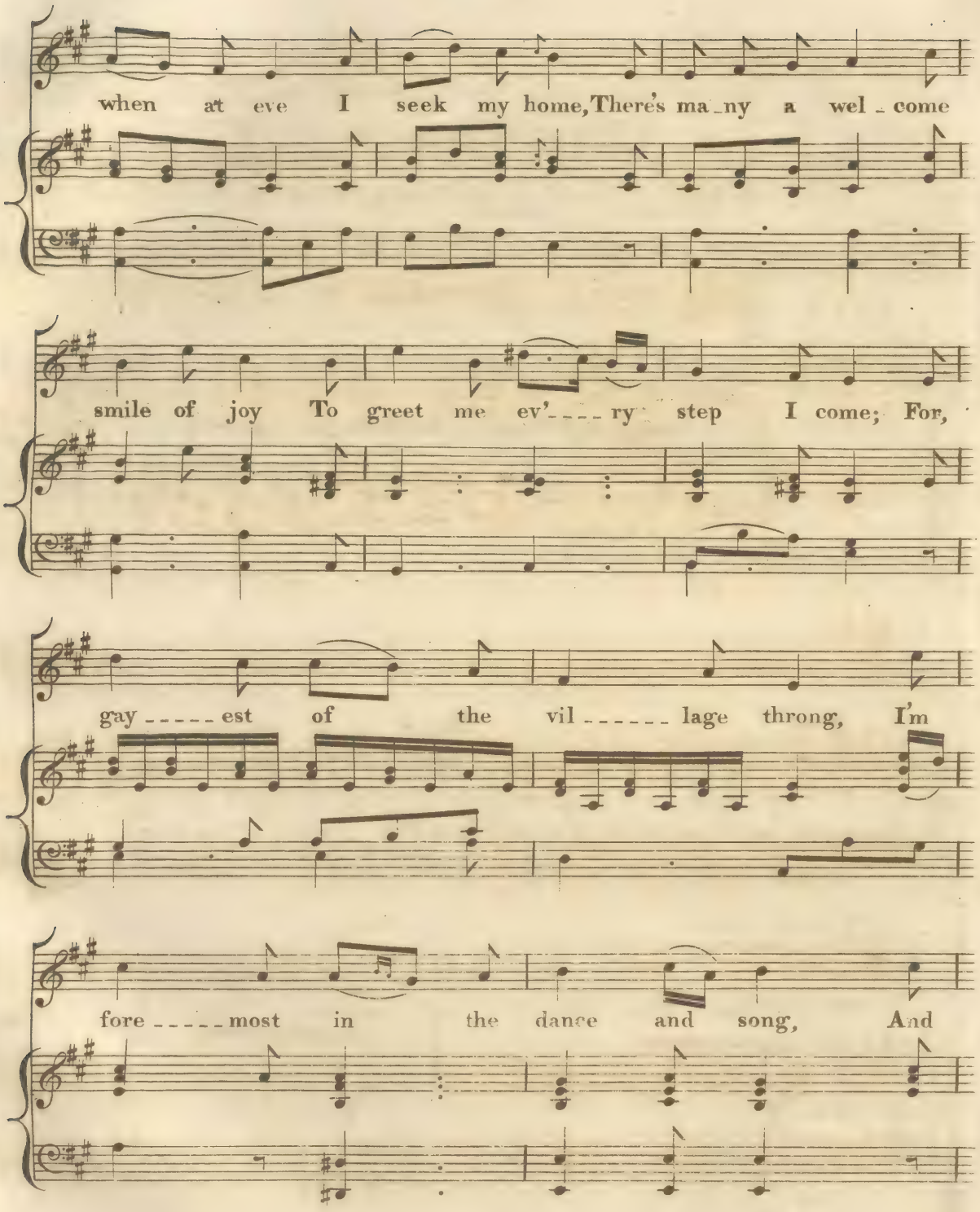

nother of wealth and store, His heart and service, resign'd to Heaven Were lost for
e__ver to LEONORE.
f
From Death to raise thee were Crowns the guerdon, And ADOLF'S
p
on - ly the hand to save He could not hear thee to speak thy

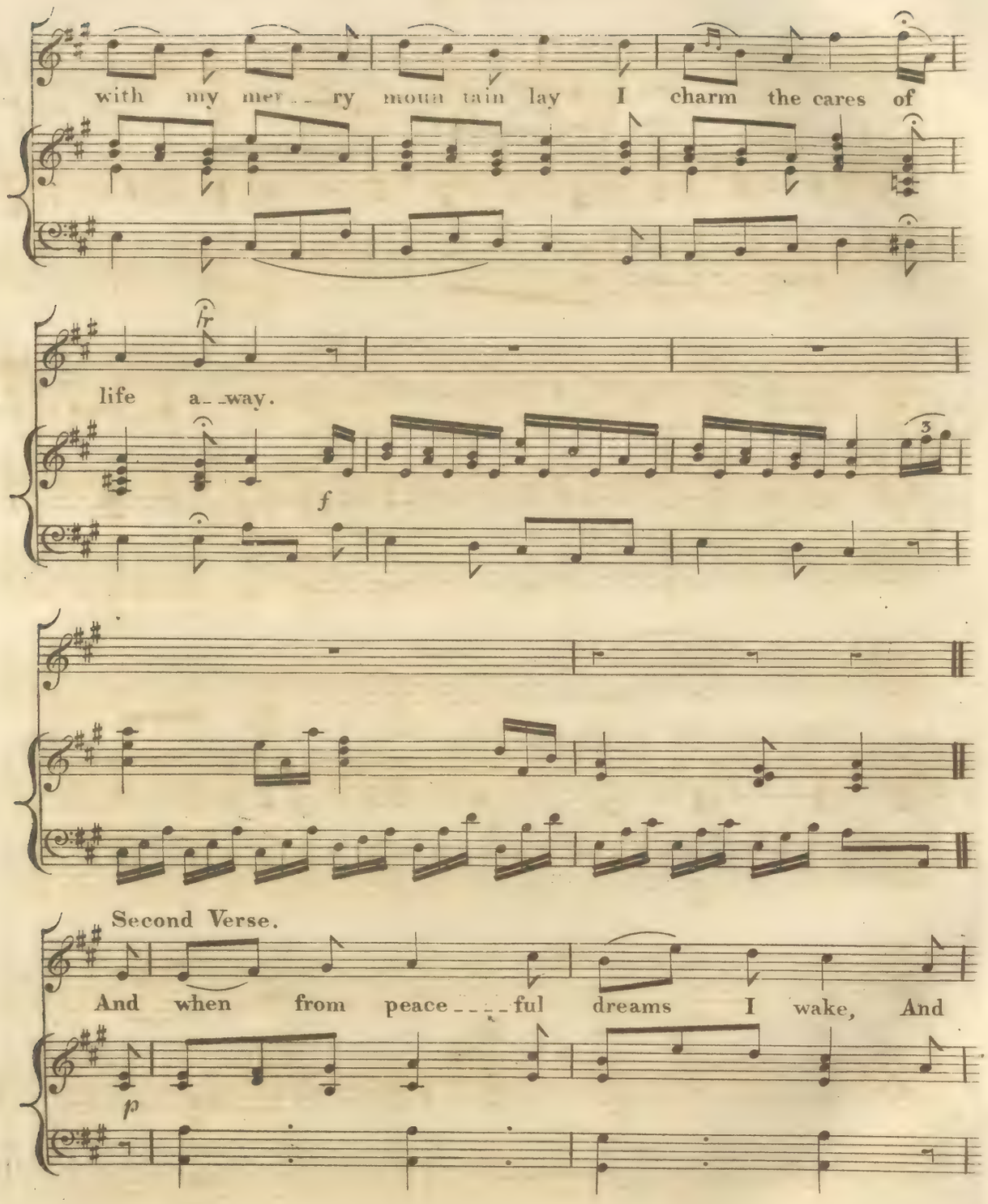

par - don Yon Convent holds him, his living grave.
f
Oh! HERMAN, Cease thee, — The fatal sorrow That rends my bosom can bear no
more: Night clo - ses round me, — and never Mor - row Again shall
wa - ken for LEONORE.
f

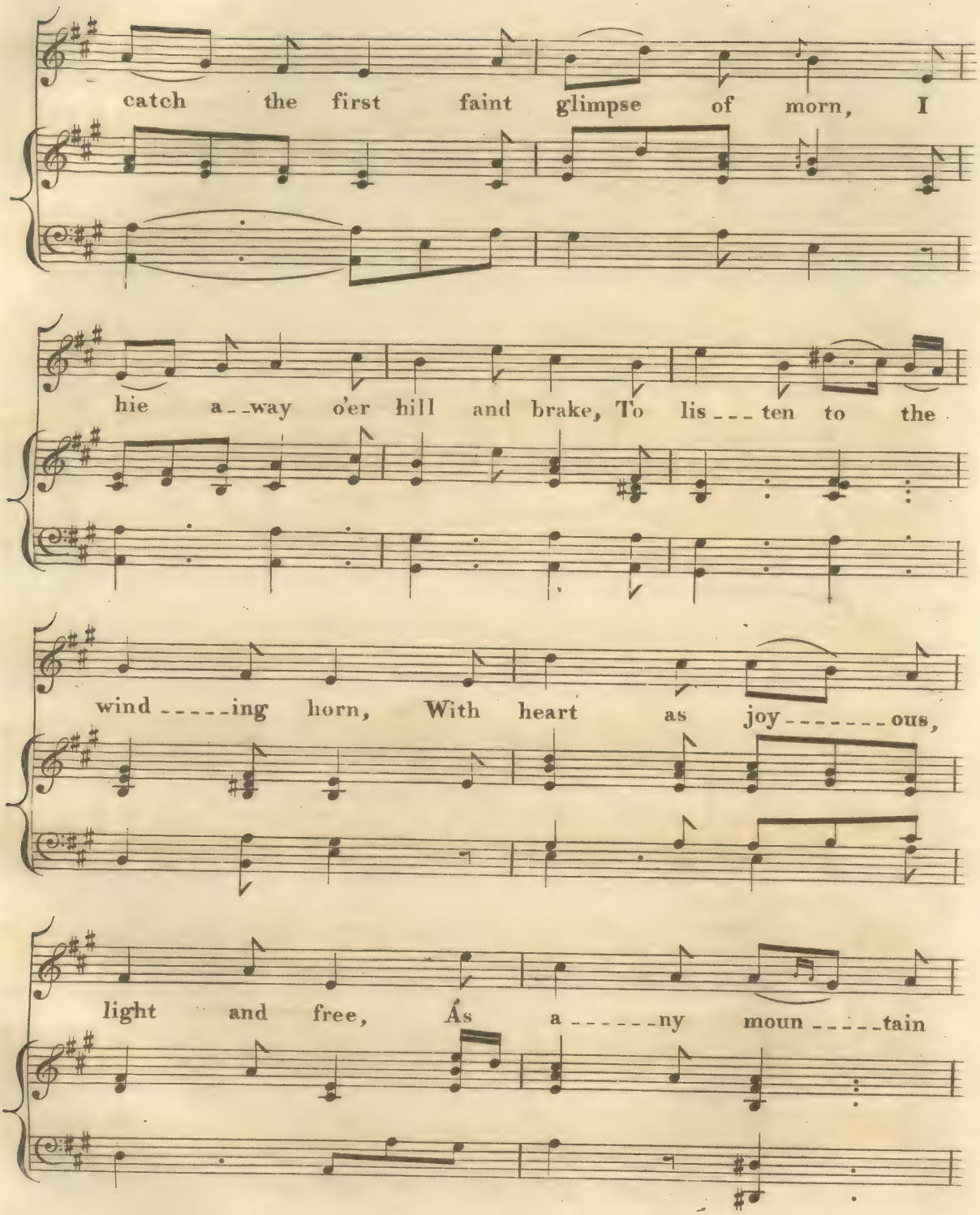
THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

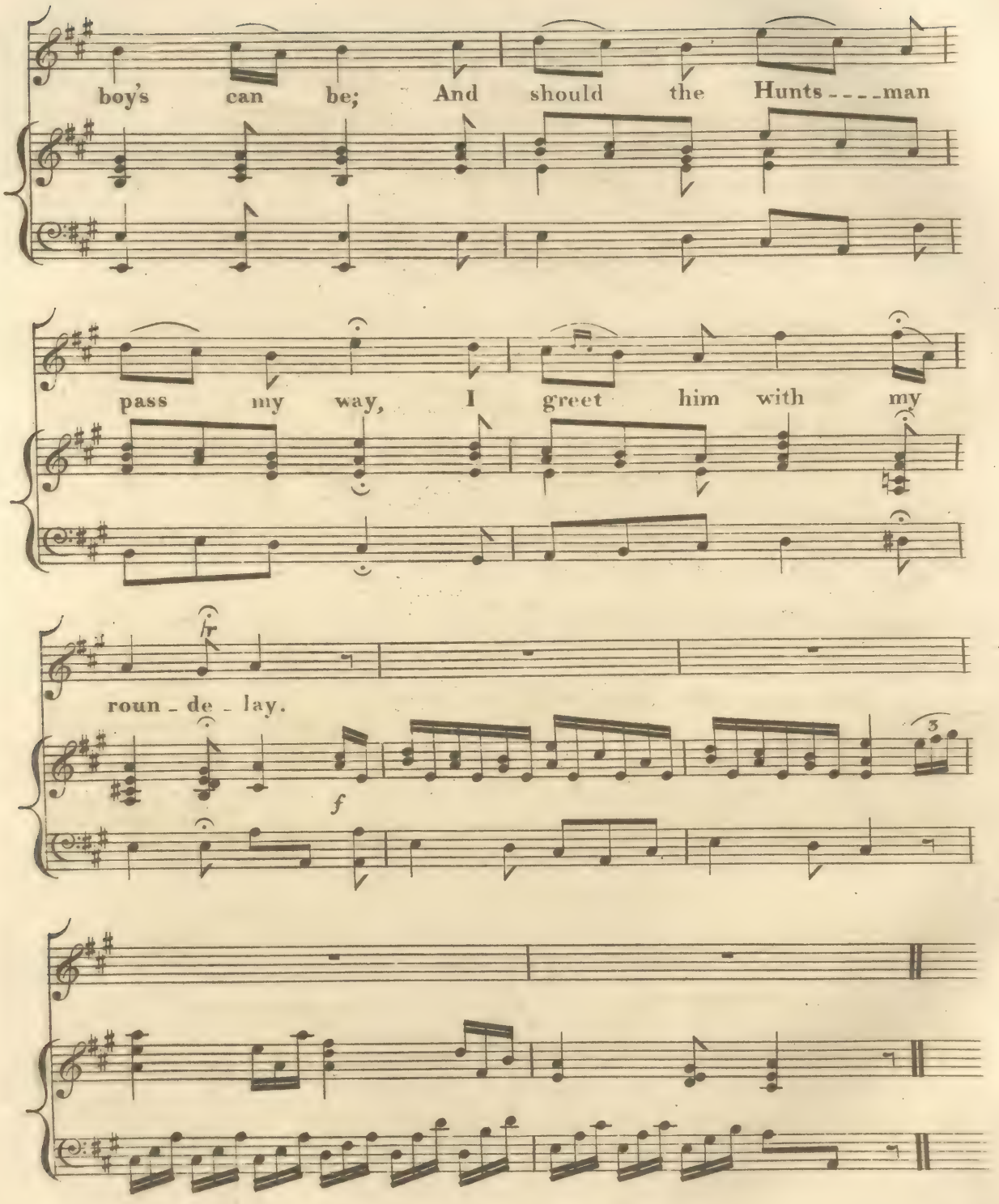
The Music by Walter Turnbull.




when at eve I seek my home, There's ma_ny a wel_come
smile of joy To greet me ev'____ry step I come; For,
gay_____est of the vil_____lage throng, I'm
fore_____most in the dance and song, And


with my mer_ry moun tain lay I charm the cares of
life a_way.
f
3
Second Verse.
And when from peace_ful dreams I wake, And
p


catch the first faint glimpse of morn, I
hie a-way o'er hill and brake, To lis-ten to the
wind-ing horn, With heart as joy-ous,
light and free, As a-ny moun-tain


boy's can be; And should the Hunts - - - - man
pass my way, I greet him with my
roun - de - lay.
fr
f
3

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

THE WORDS BY MRS. TURNBULL.

I am a merry mountain boy,
And when at eve I seek my home,
There's many a welcome smile of joy
To greet me ev'ry step I come:
For, gayest of the village throng,
I'm foremost in the dance and song,
And with my merry mountain lay
I charm the cares of life away.

And when from peaceful dreams I wake,
And catch the first faint glimpse of morn,
I hie away o'er hill and brake,
To listen to the winding horn,
With heart as joyous, light and free,
As any mountain boy's can be;
And should the huntsman pass my way,
I greet him with my roundelay.

THE HERDSMEN'S RETURN.

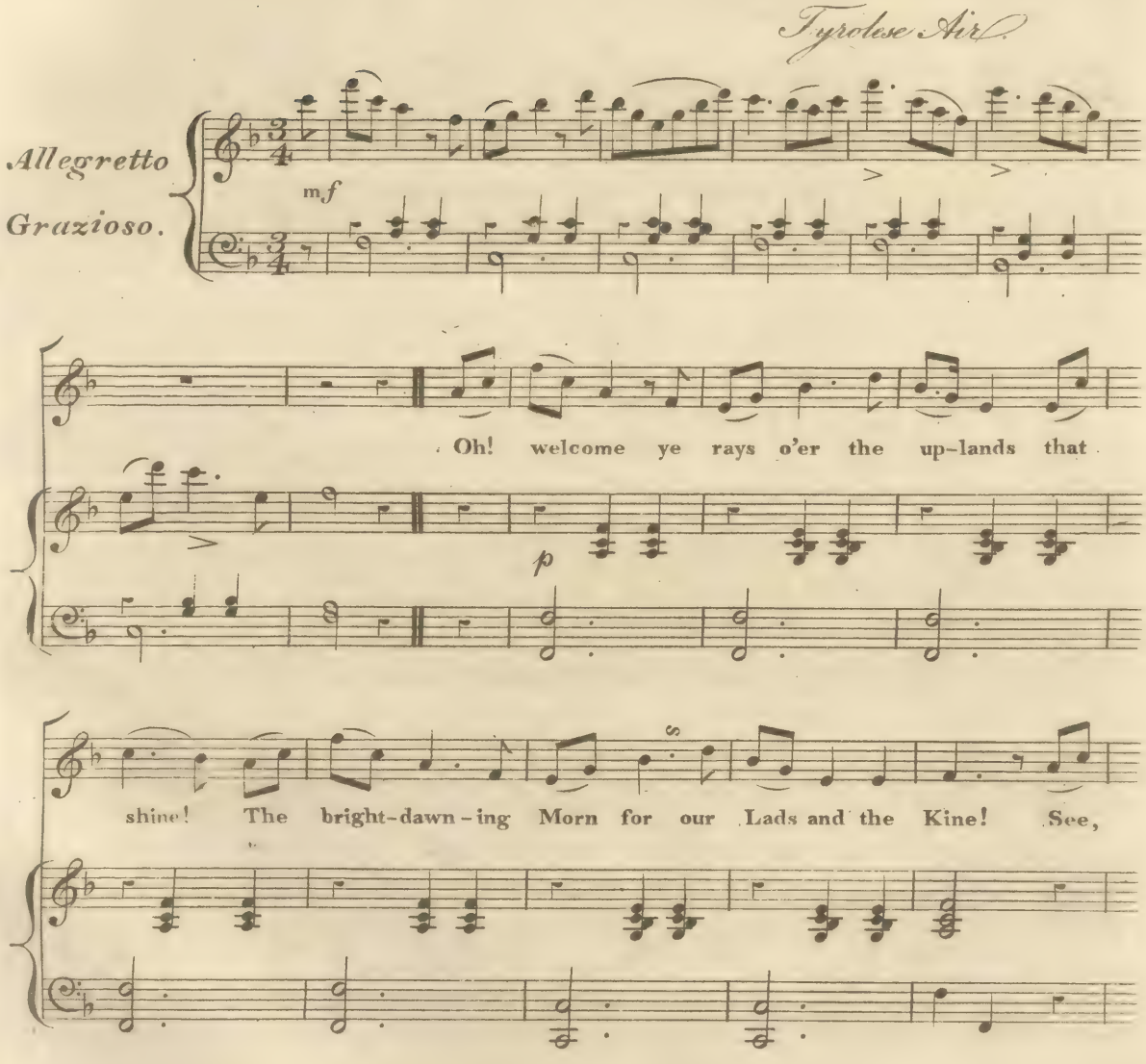
THE WORDS BY W. BALL.

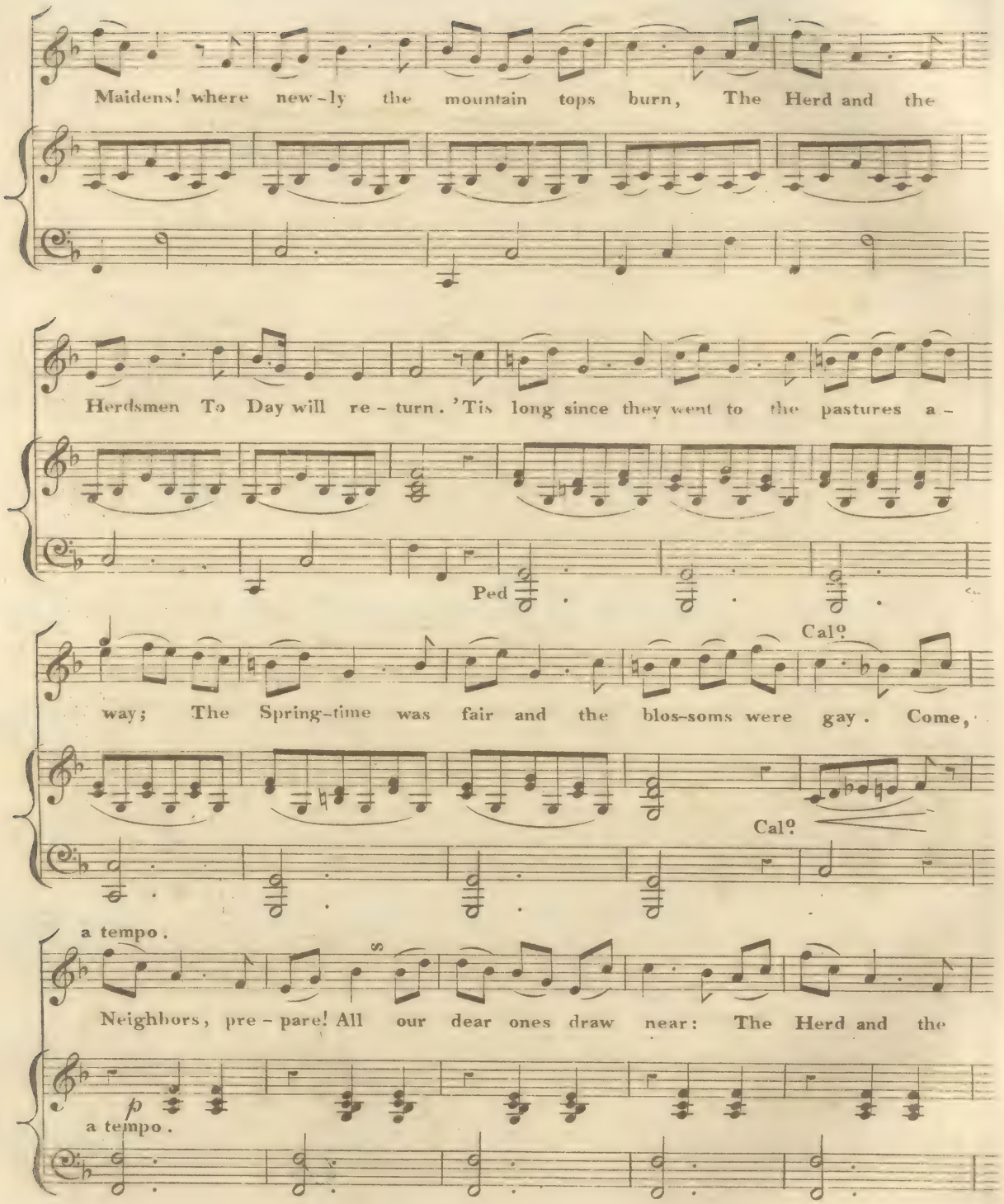
Oh! welcome, ye rays o'er the uplands that shine!
The bright-dawning morn for the lads and the kine!
See, maidens! where newly the mountain-tops burn,
The herd and the herdsmen to-day will return.
'Tis long since they went to the pastures away;
The spring-time was fair, and the blossoms were gay.
Come, neighbours, prepare! all our dear ones draw near:
The herd and the herdsmen—they soon will be here!

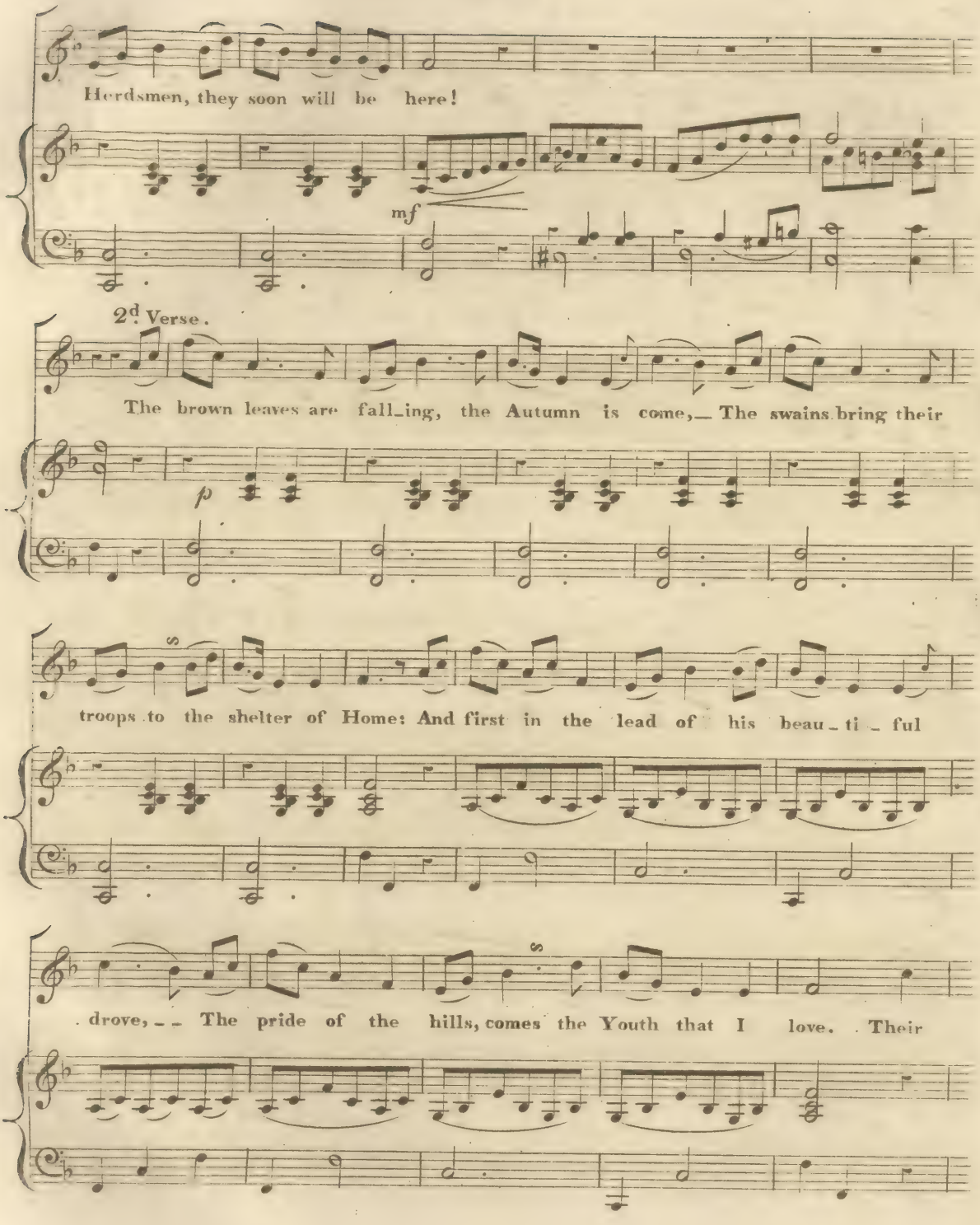
The brown leaves are falling, the autumn is come,
The swains bring their troops to the shelter of home;
And first in the lead of his beautiful drove,
The pride of the hills, comes the youth that I love.
Their sweet bells resounding, their songs, wild and clear,
With heart freely bounding, delighted I hear!
Come, friends, and come, neighhours! our dear ones draw near:
The herd and the herdsmen—they soon will be here!

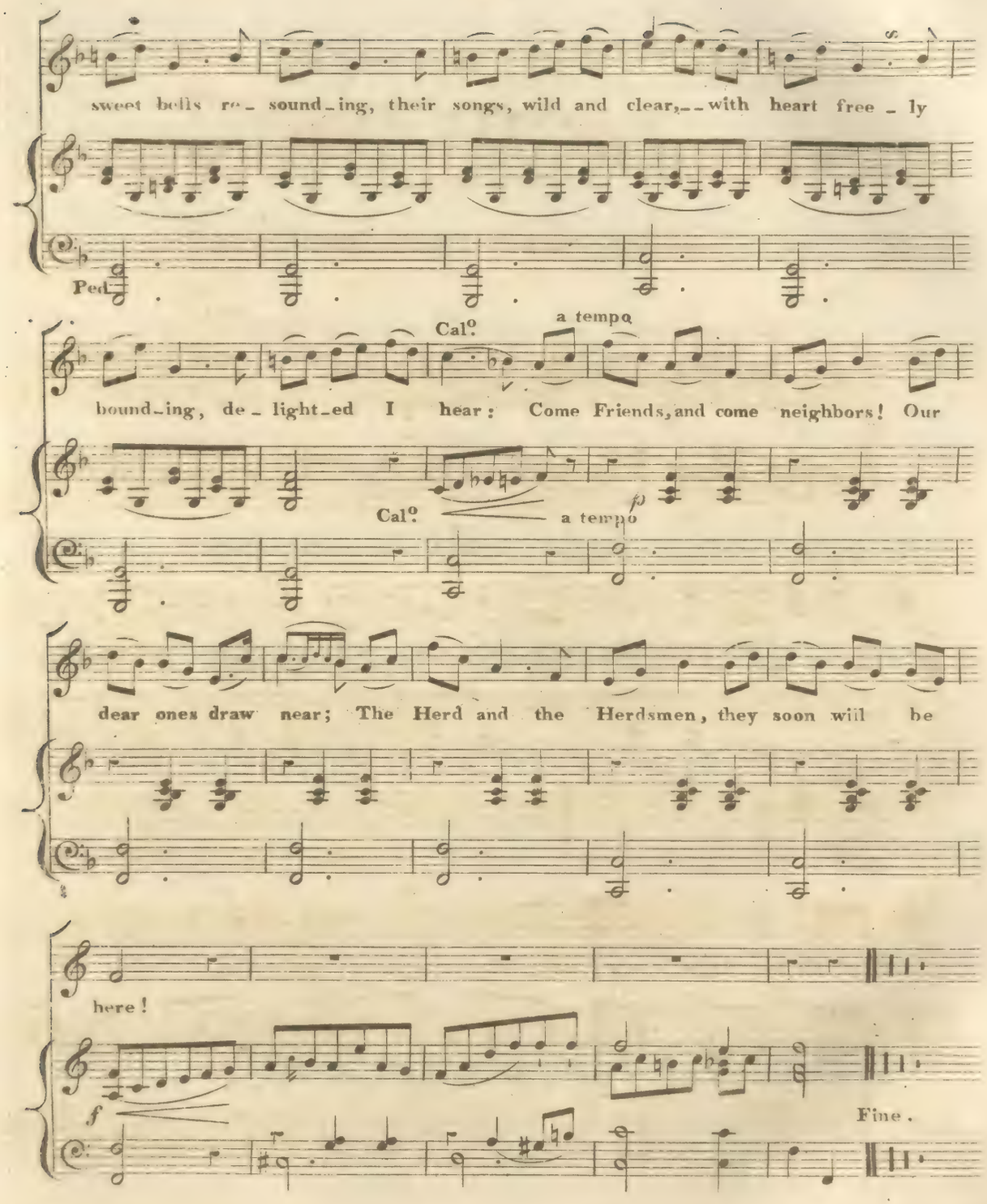
THE HERDSMEN'S RETURN.

Tyrolese Air.




Maidens! where new-ly the mountain tops burn, The Herd and the
Herdsmen To Day will re-turn. 'Tis long since they went to the pastures a-
Ped
Calº
way; The Spring-time was fair and the blos-soms were gay. Come,
Calº
a tempo.
Neighbors, pre-pare! All our dear ones draw near: The Herd and the
p
a tempo.


Herdsmen, they soon will be here!
mf
2d Verse.
The brown leaves are fall_ing, the Autumn is come,_ The swains bring their
p
troops to the shelter of Home: And first in the lead of his beau_ti_ful
drove,_ _ The pride of the hills, comes the Youth that I love. Their

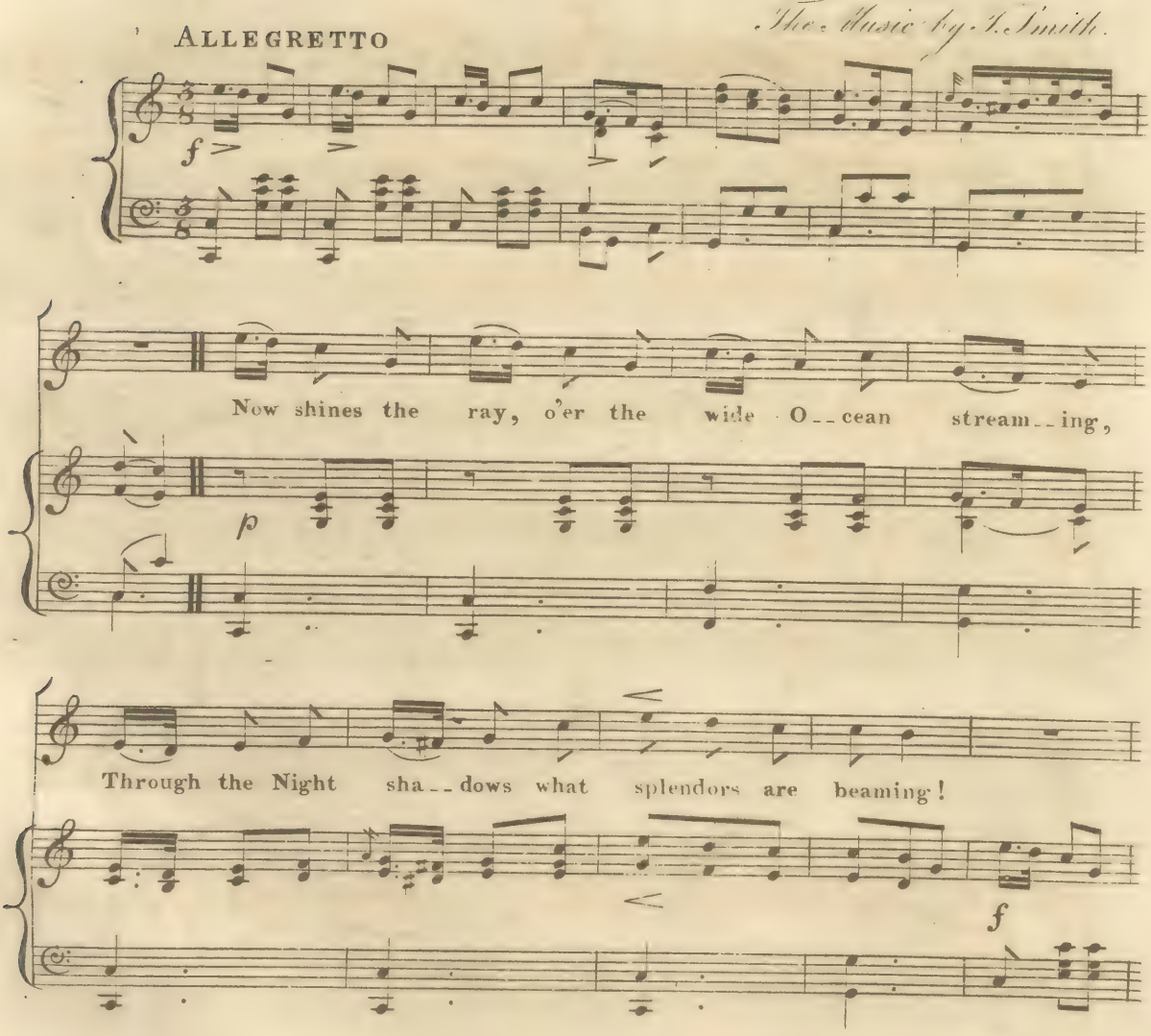

sweet bells re_ sound_ing, their songs, wild and clear,__with heart free_ly
Ped
Cal°
a tempo
bound_ing, de_ light_ed I hear: Come Friends, and come neighbors! Our
Cal°
a tempo
p
dear ones draw near; The Herd and the Herdsmen, they soon will be
here!
f
Fine.

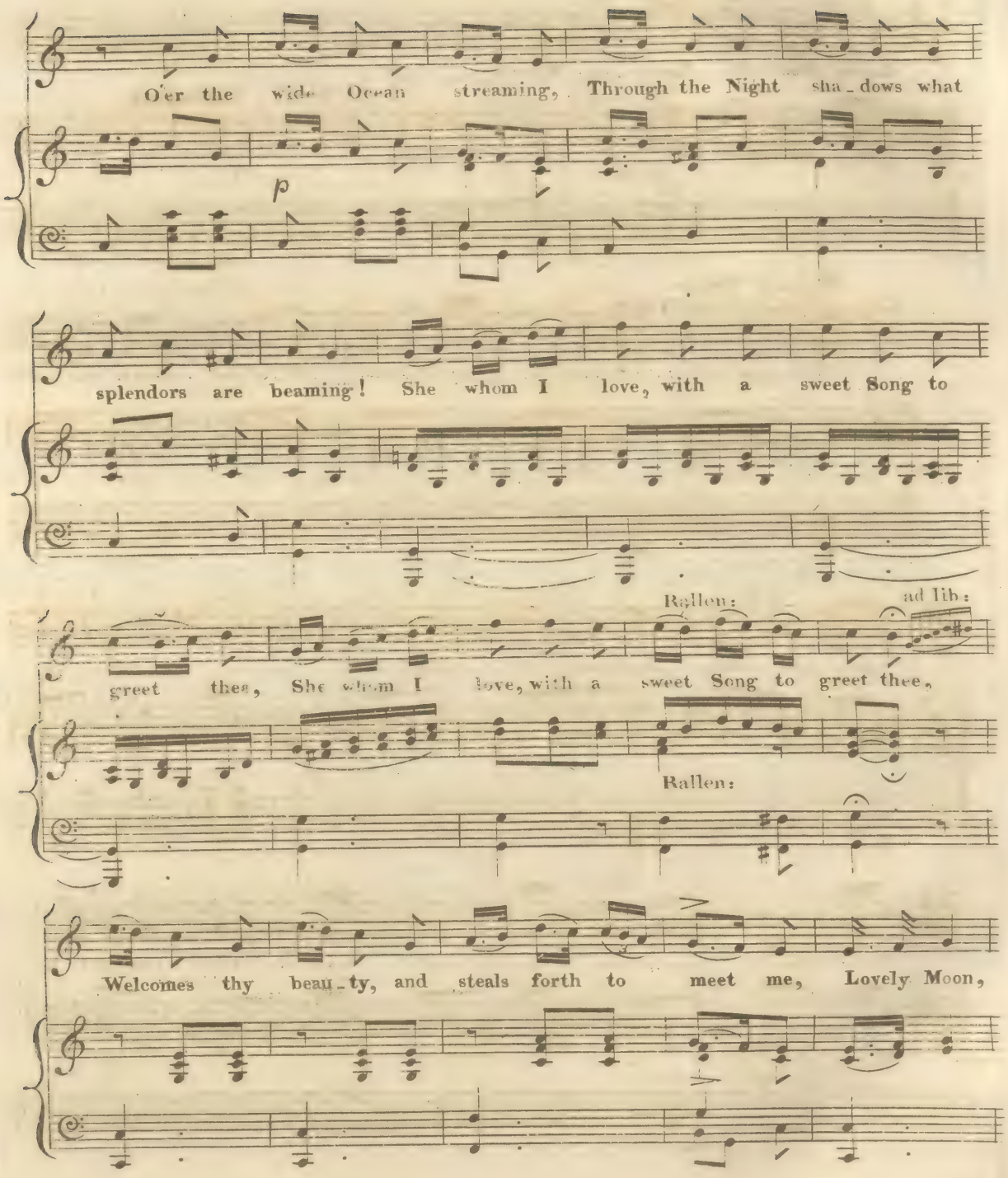
"O LOVELY MOON!"

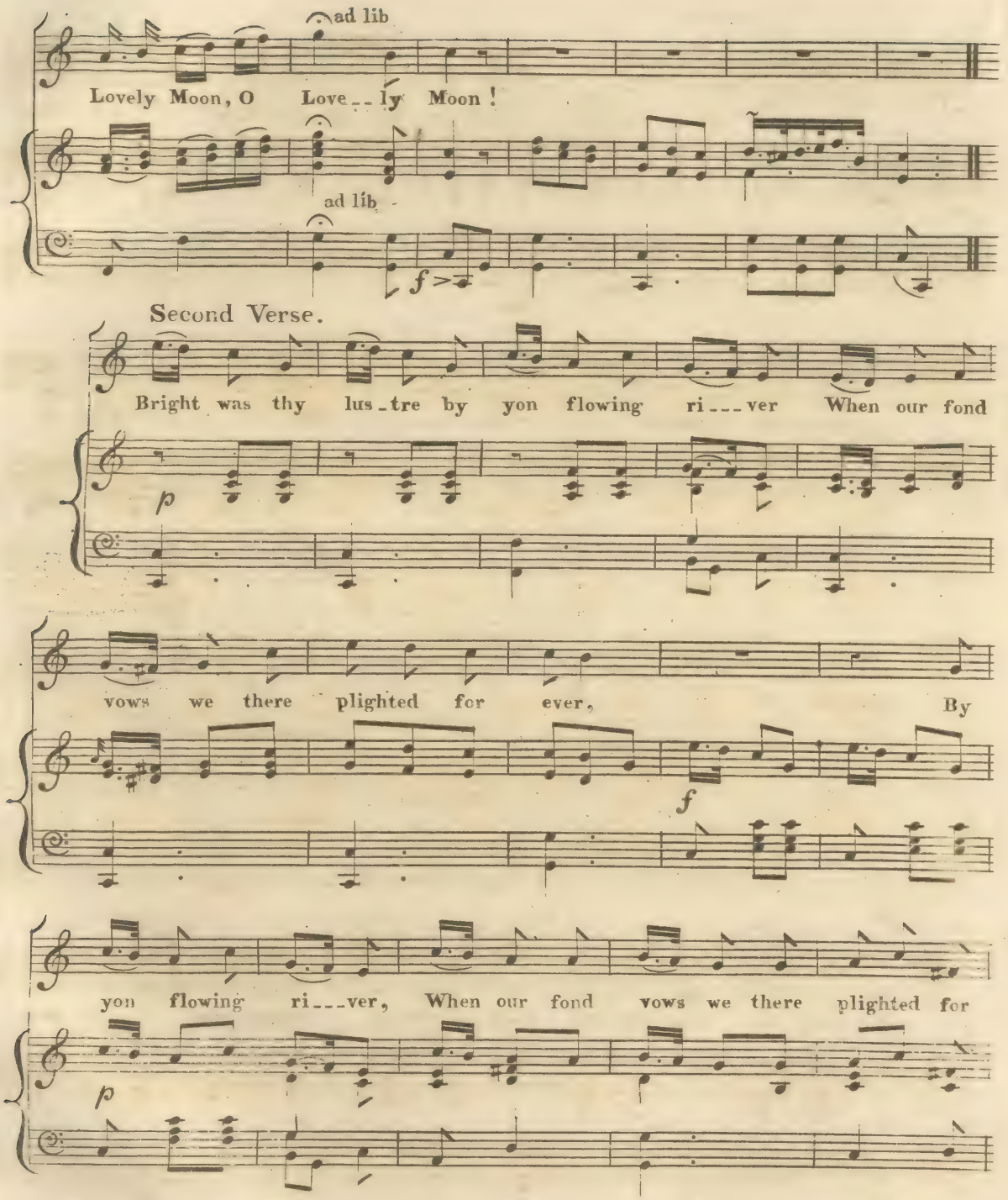
Written in reply to

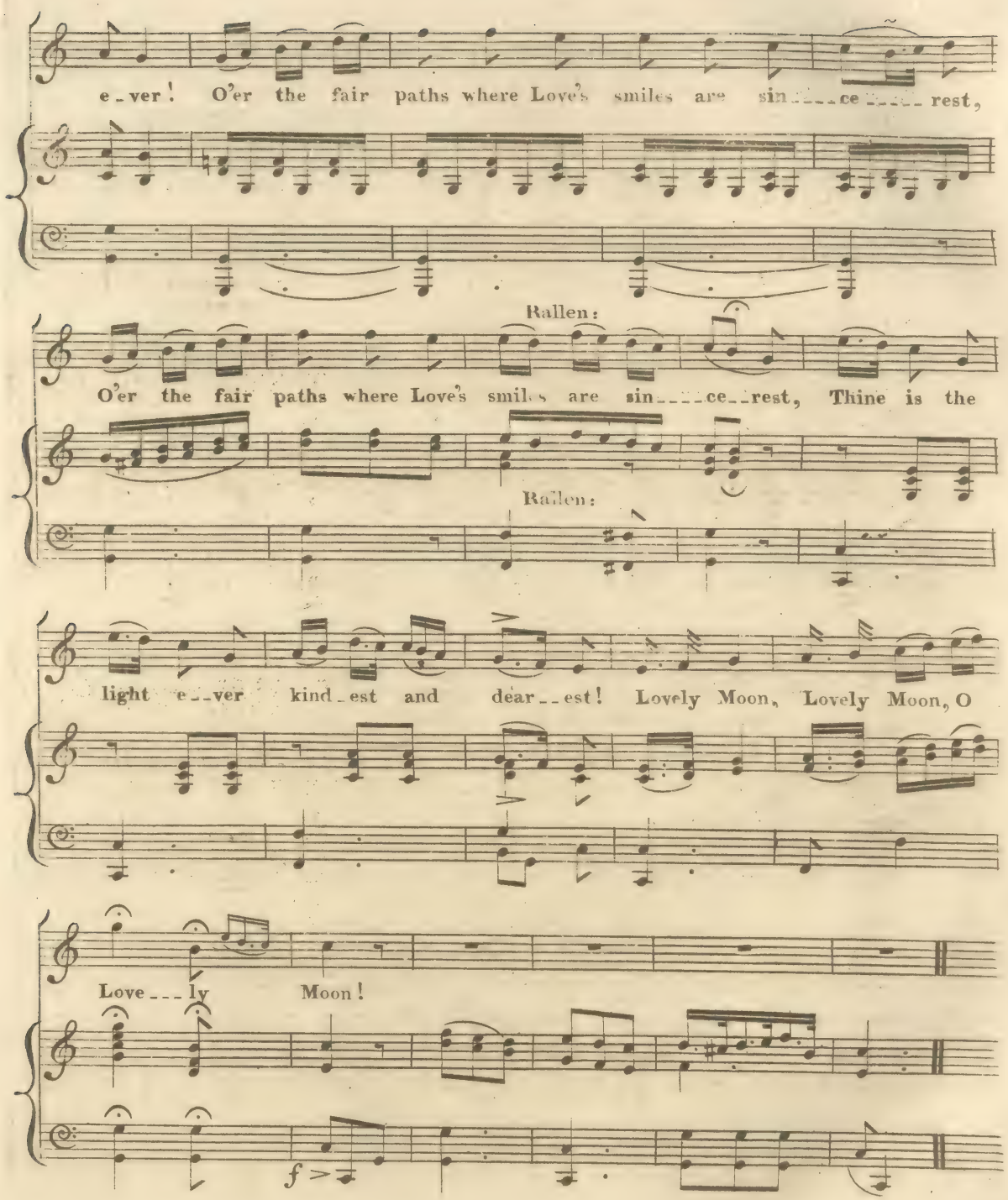
"RISE, GENTLE MOON!"

The Music by T. Smith.




O'er the wide Ocean streaming, Through the Night sha_dows what
p
splendors are beaming! She whom I love, with a sweet Song to
Rallen:
ad lib:
greet thee, She whom I love, with a sweet Song to greet thee,
Rallen:
Welcomes thy beau_ty, and steals forth to meet me, Lovely Moon,


ad lib
Lovely Moon, O Love_ly Moon!
ad lib
f
Second Verse.
Bright was thy lus_tre by yon flowing ri___ver When our fond
p
vows we there plighted for ever, By
f
yon flowing ri___ver, When our fond vows we there plighted for
p


e_ver! O'er the fair paths where Love's smiles are sin___ce___ rest,
Rallen:
O'er the fair paths where Love's smiles are sin___ce__rest, Thine is the
Rallen:
light e__ver kind_est and dear__est! Lovely Moon, Lovely Moon, O
Love___ly Moon!
f

"O, LOVELY MOON!"

Written in Reply to Barnett's popular Song of "*Rise, Gentle Moon!*"

THE WORDS BY W. BALL.

Now shines the ray, o'er the wide ocean streaming,
Through the night shadows what splendors are beaming!
She whom I love, with a sweet song to greet thee,
Welcomes thy beauty, and steals forth to meet me;—
O, lovely Moon!

Bright was thy lustre by yon flowing river,
When our fond vows we there plighted for ever:
O'er the fair paths where love's smiles are sincerest,
Thine is the light ever kindest and dearest,
O, lovely Moon!

THE VINE-DRESSER'S SONG.

THE WORDS BY W. BALL.

Come away, girls! to labour!
Brightly glows the young day:
Come away, friend and neighbour!
To the vineyard, away!

The blithe echo, ringing,
Replies to the horn;
And the wood-bird is singing
"All-hail!" to the morn.
Come away, girls! &c.

O'er the light-glancing fountain,
O'er fall and o'er stream,
O'er the rose-tinted mountain,
How plays the fresh beam!
Come away, &c.

Come, each pretty maiden!
Your portion prepare,
With scrip freely laden
With labour's sweet fare.
Come away, &c.

See! the herds, gaily bounding,
Arouse at the call,
As the matin comes sounding
"Good morrow!" to all.
Come away, &c.

Hark! the shepherd-lads, wending
The hill-side along,
Are cheerily blending
The shout and the song.

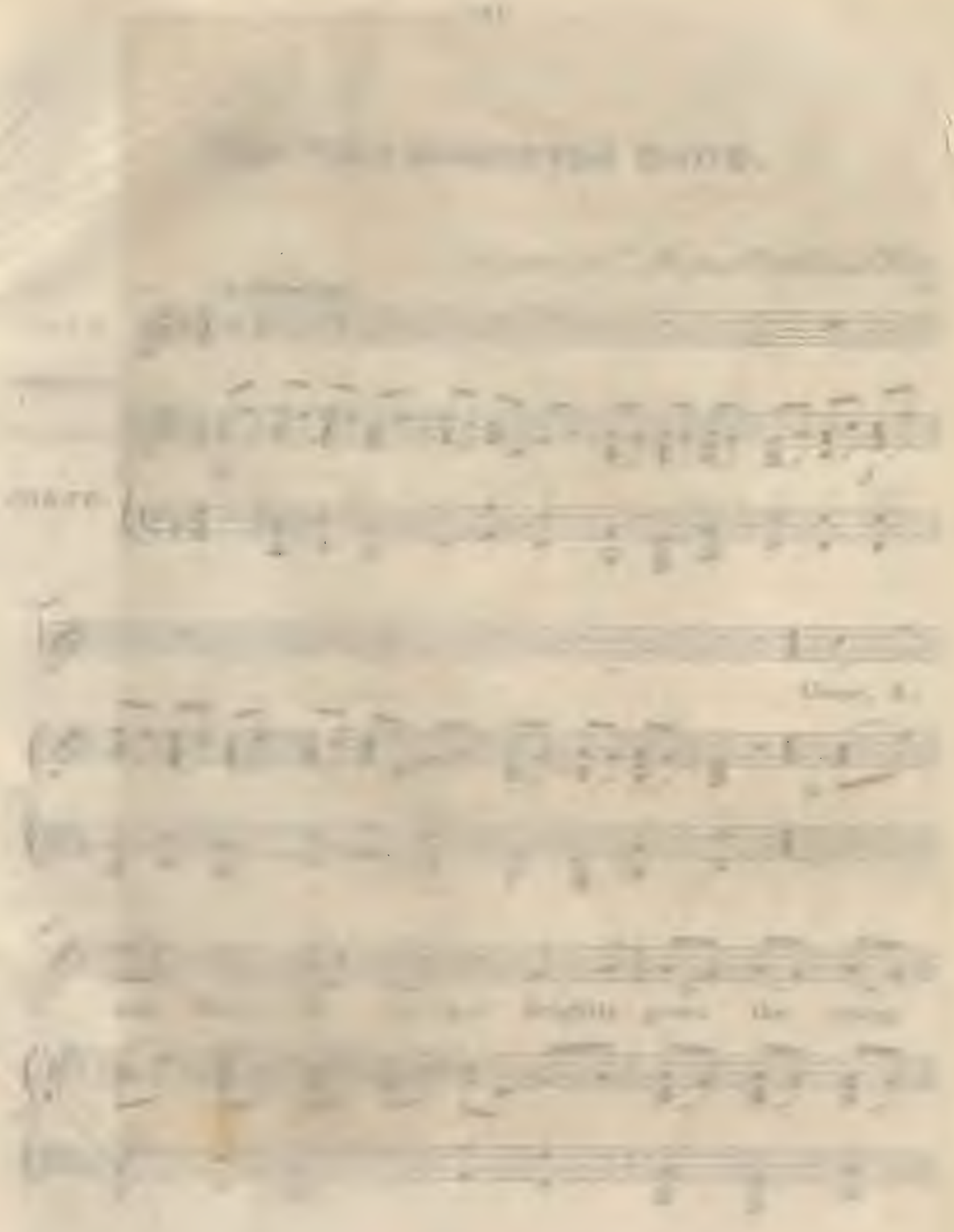
Come away, girls! to labour!
Brightly glows the young day!
Come away, friend and neighbour!
To the vineyard, away!

Printed by Engelmann, Gray, Leonard & Co

Come away, girls, to labour!
Brightly glows the young day
Come away, friend and neighbour!
To the Vineyard away.

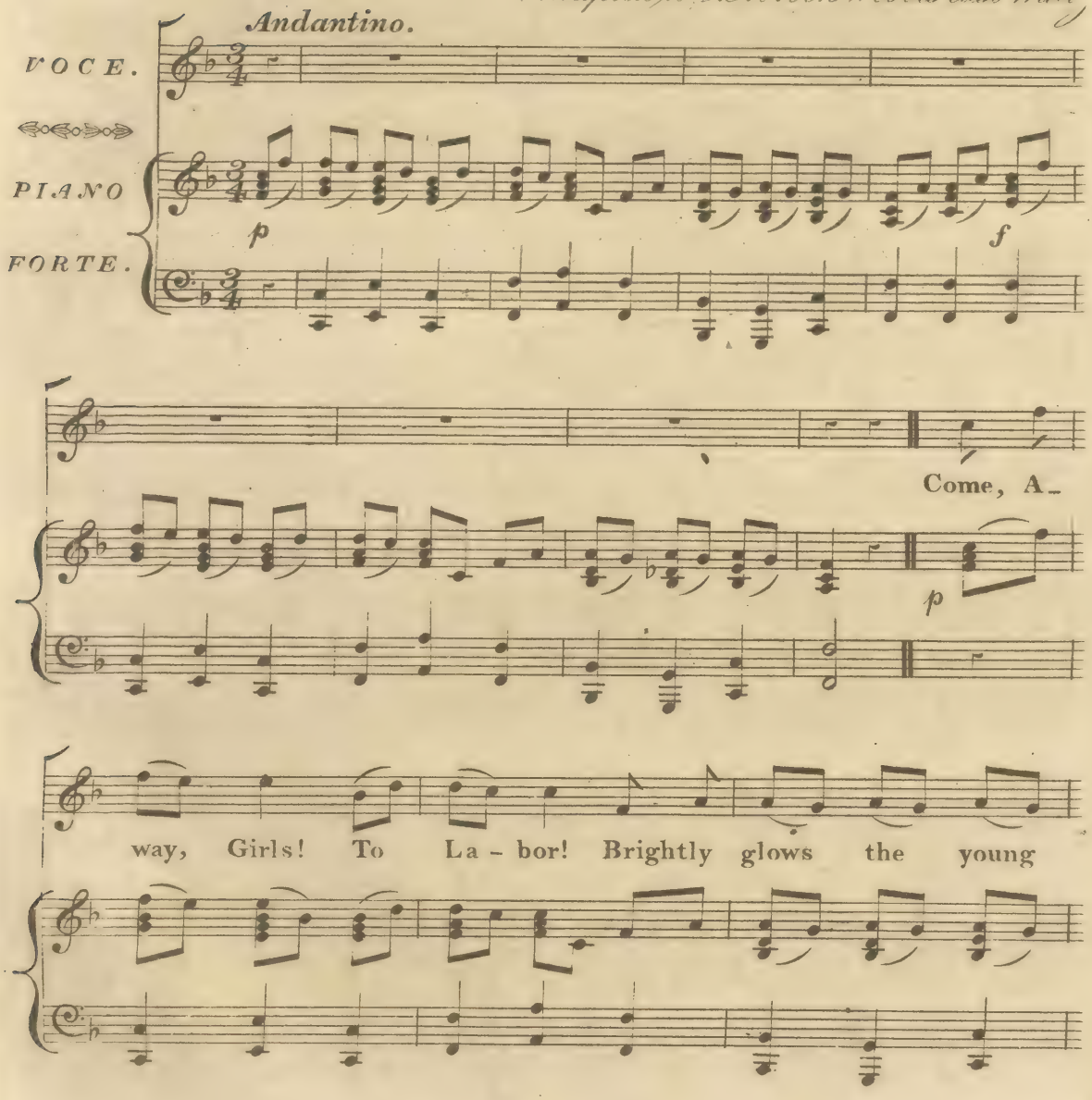
[illegible] "Vine [illegible]

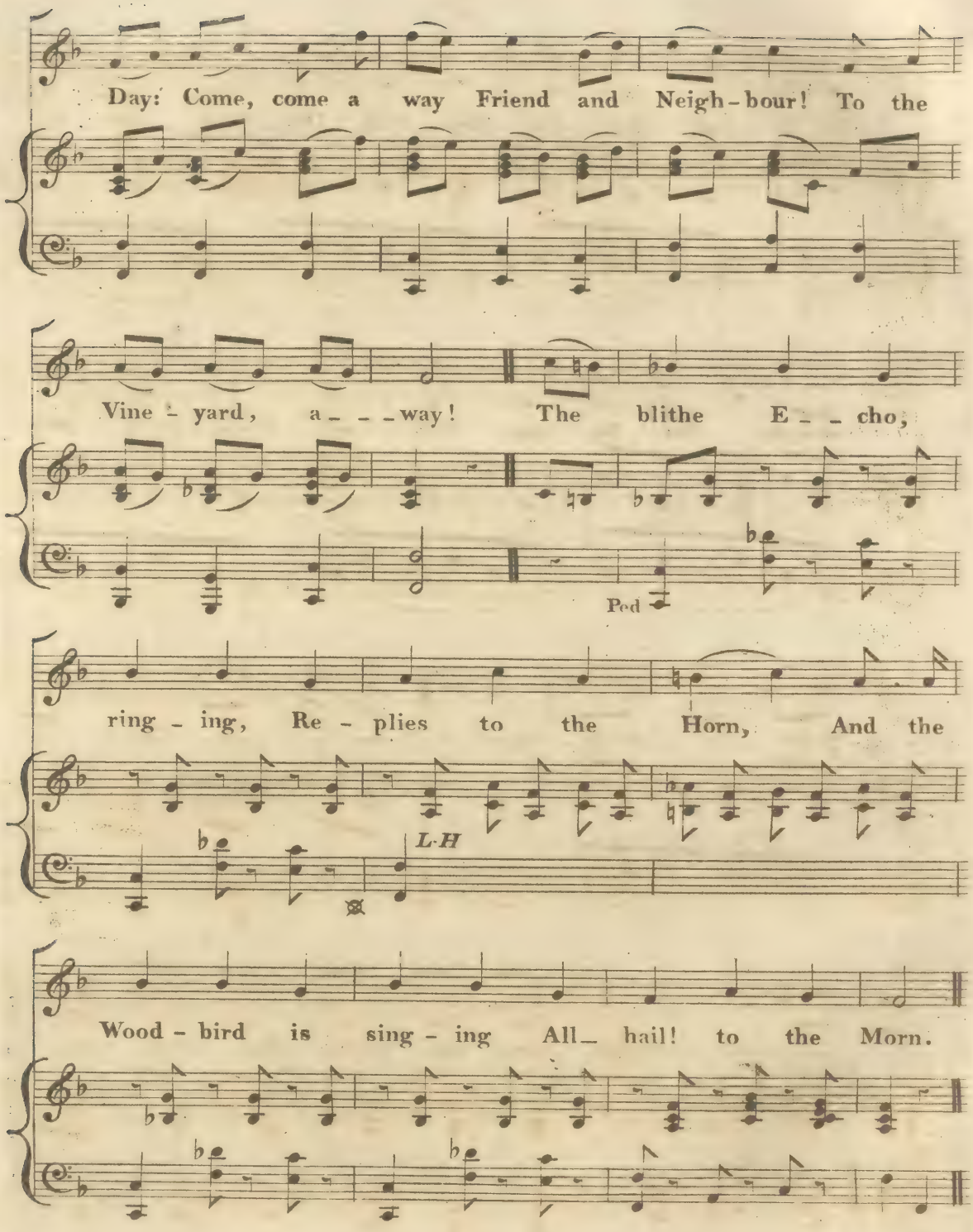
[illegible] Published Nov. 1, 1829, by Mo[illegible] New [illegible]

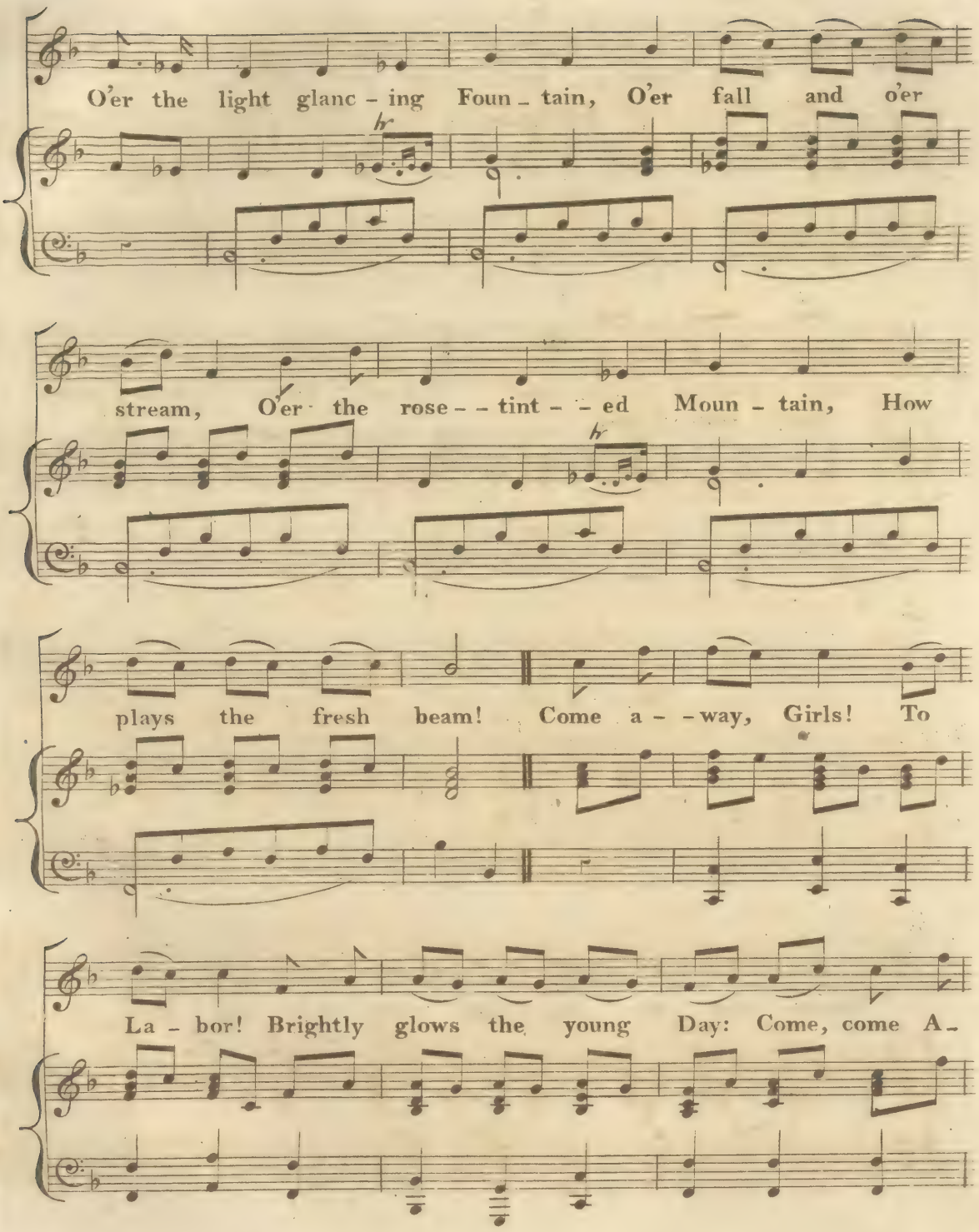


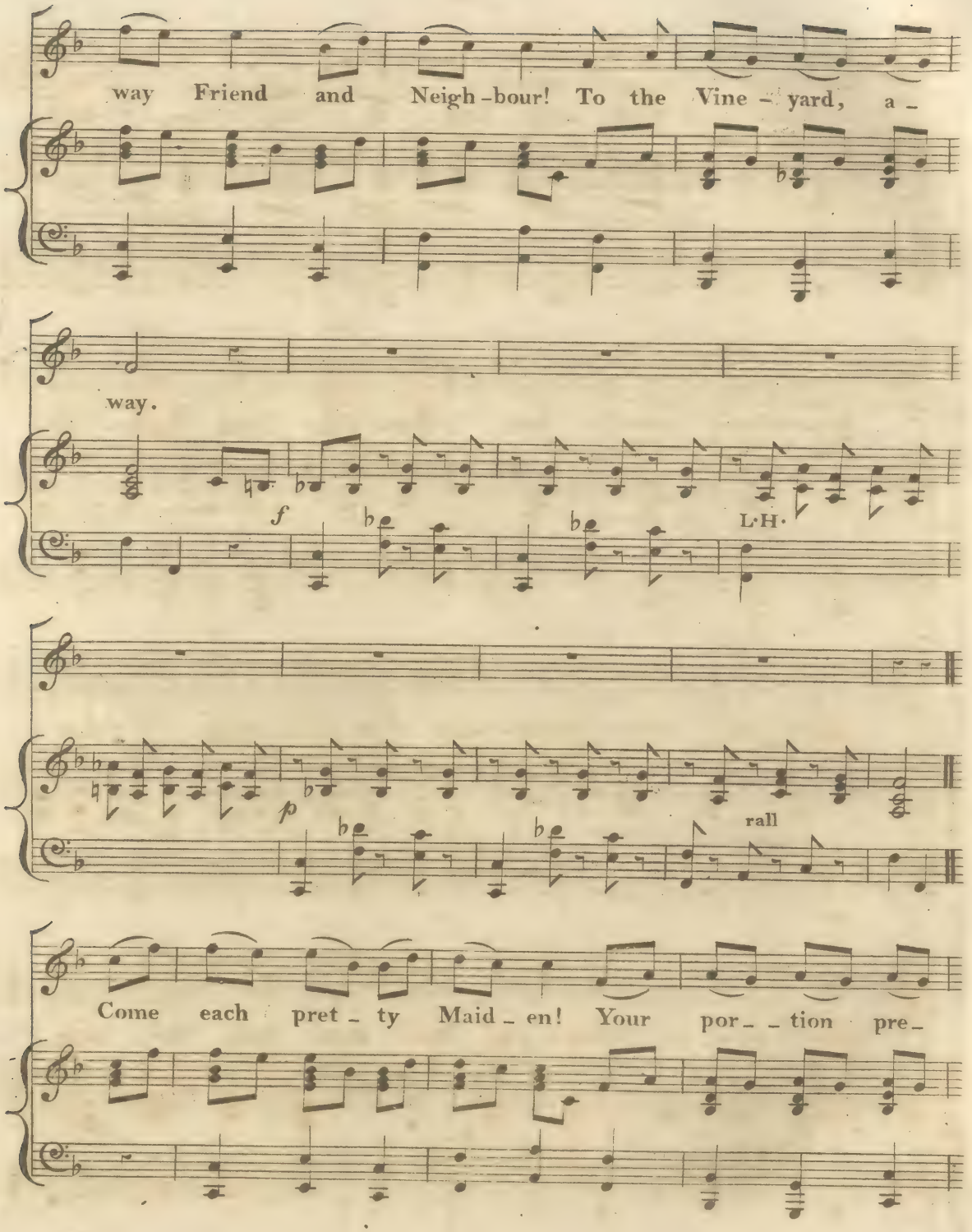
THE VINE DRESSER'S SONG.

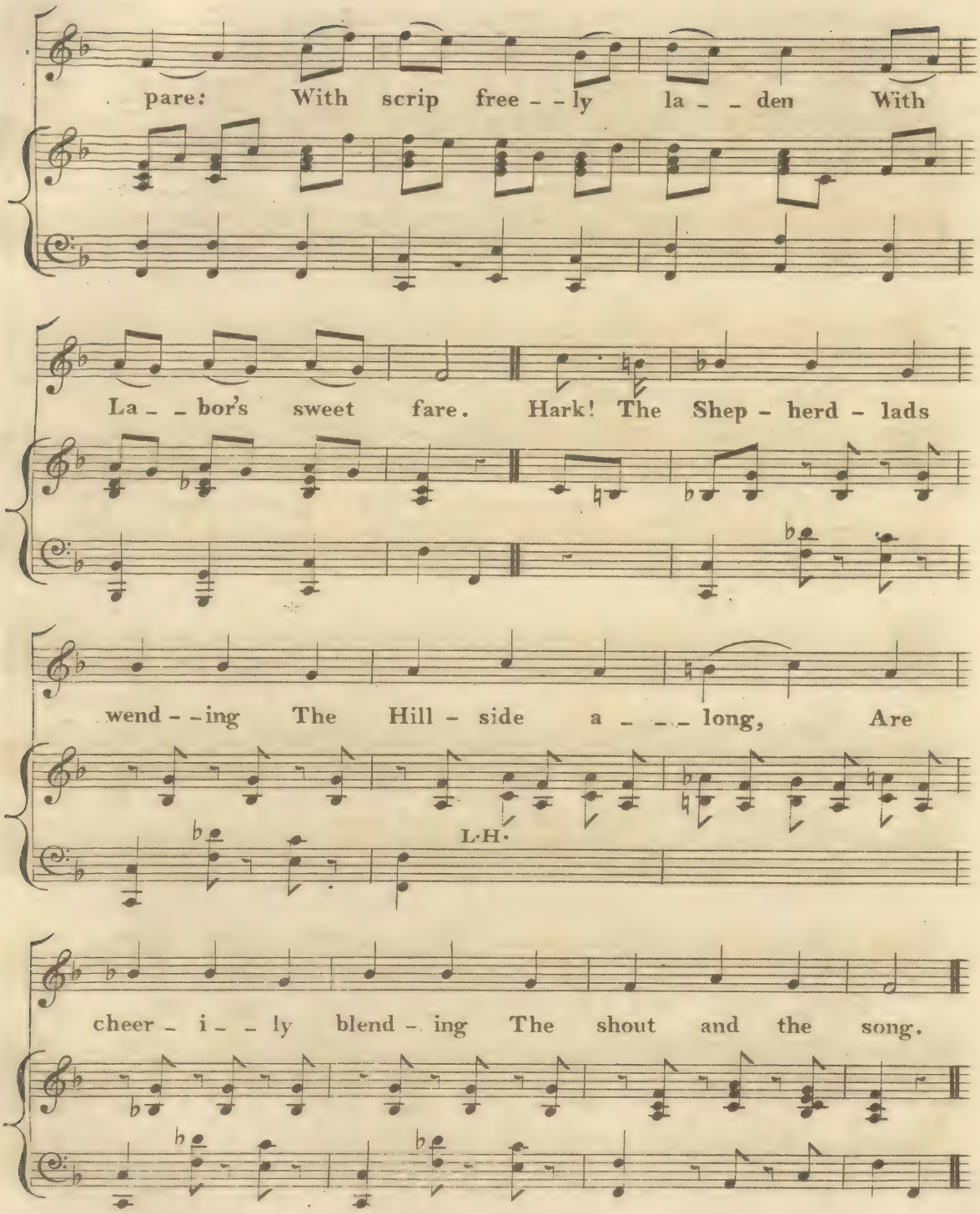
Adapted to C. M. von Weber's last Waltz

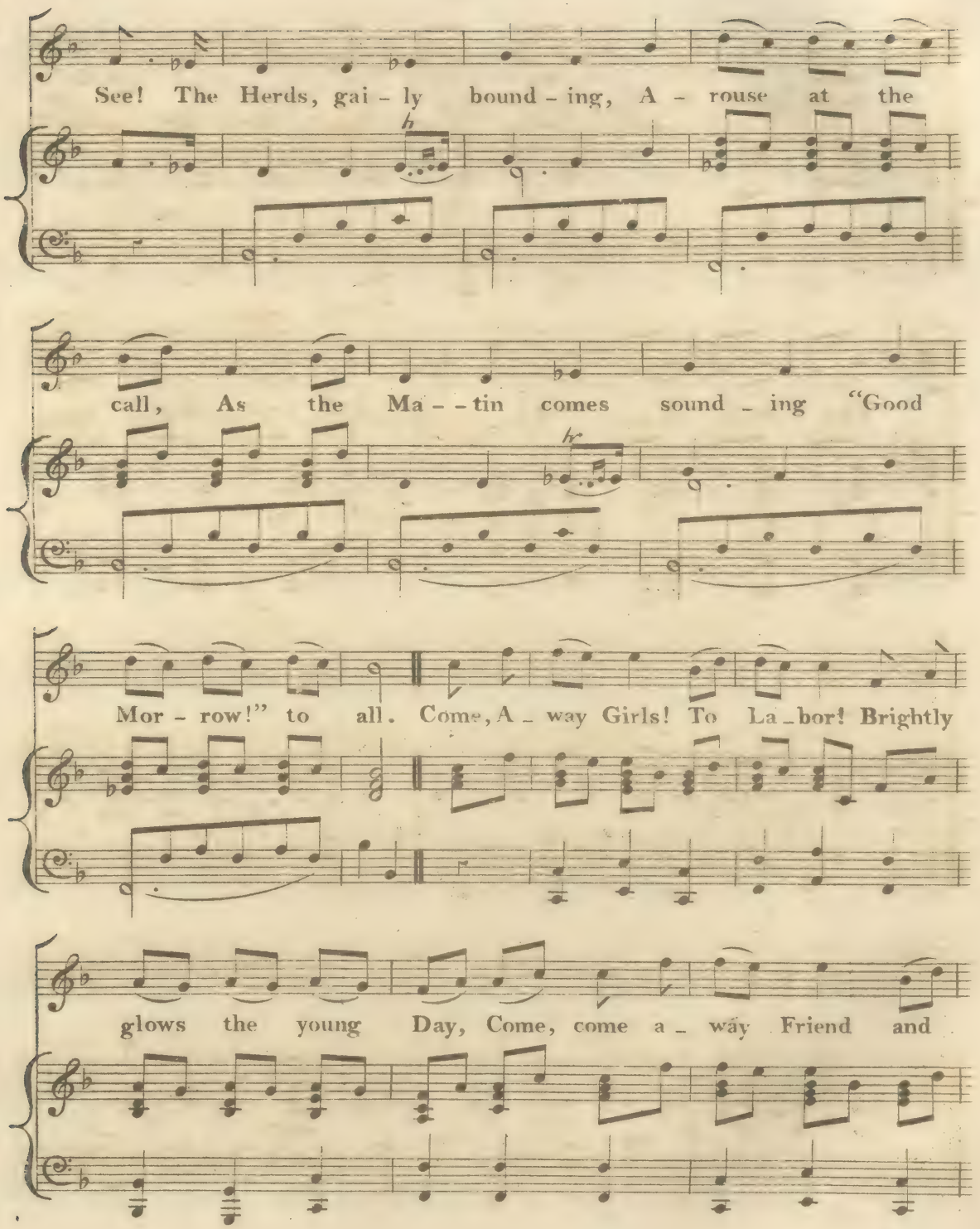


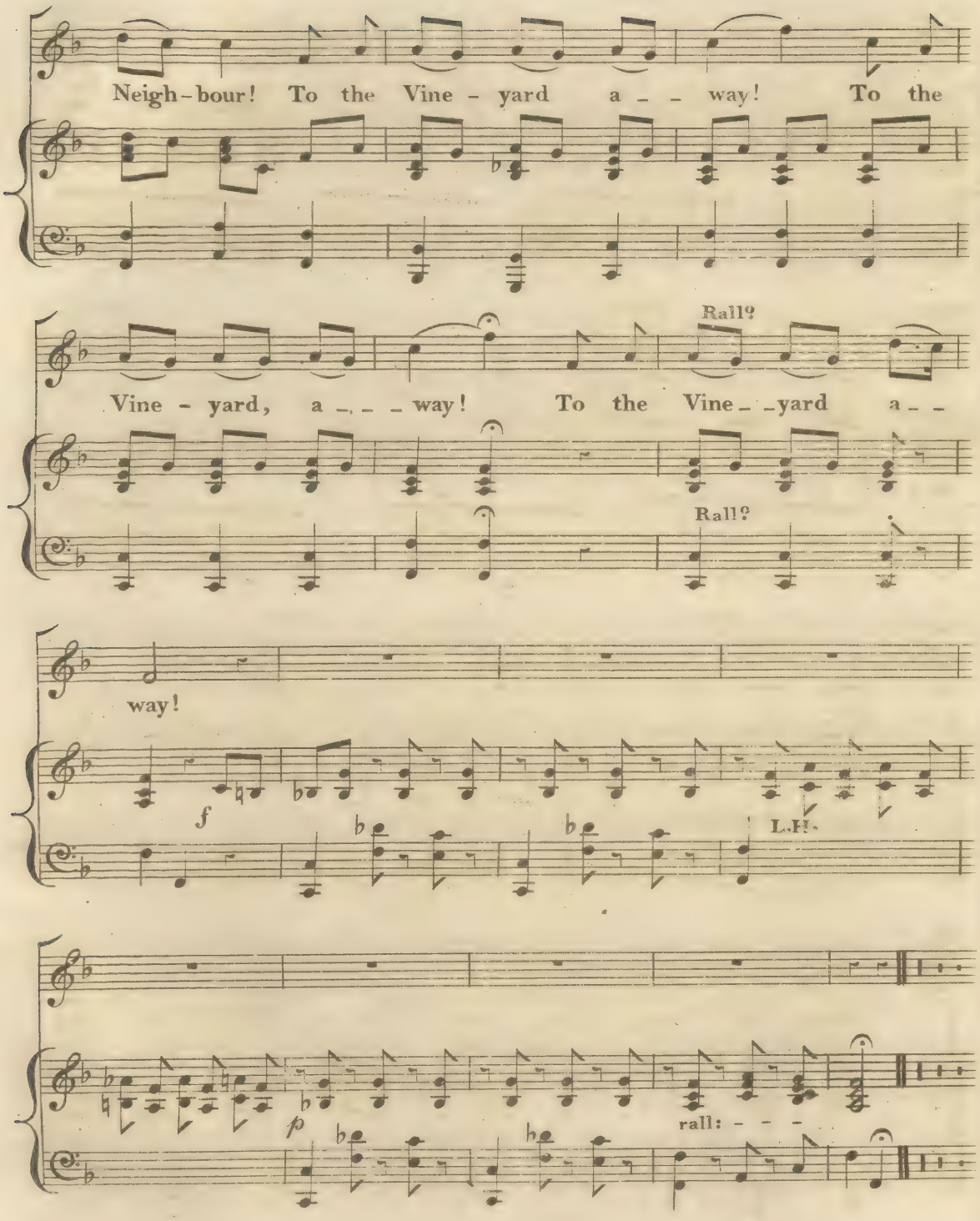

Day: Come, come a way Friend and Neigh-bour! To the
Vine-yard, a---way! The blithe E--cho,
Ped
ring-ing, Re-plies to the Horn, And the
L.H
Wood-bird is sing-ing All hail! to the Morn.


O'er the light glanc - ing Foun - tain, O'er fall and o'er
stream, O'er the rose - - tint - - ed Moun - tain, How
plays the fresh beam! Come a - - way, Girls! To
La - bor! Brightly glows the young Day: Come, come A -


way Friend and Neigh-bour! To the Vine-yard, a-
way.
f
L.H.
p
rall
Come each pret-ty Maid-en! Your por--tion pre-


pare: With scrip free - - ly la - - den With
La - - bor's sweet fare. Hark! The Shep - herd - lads
wend - - ing The Hill - side a - - - long, Are
L.H.
cheer - i - - ly blend - ing The shout and the song.

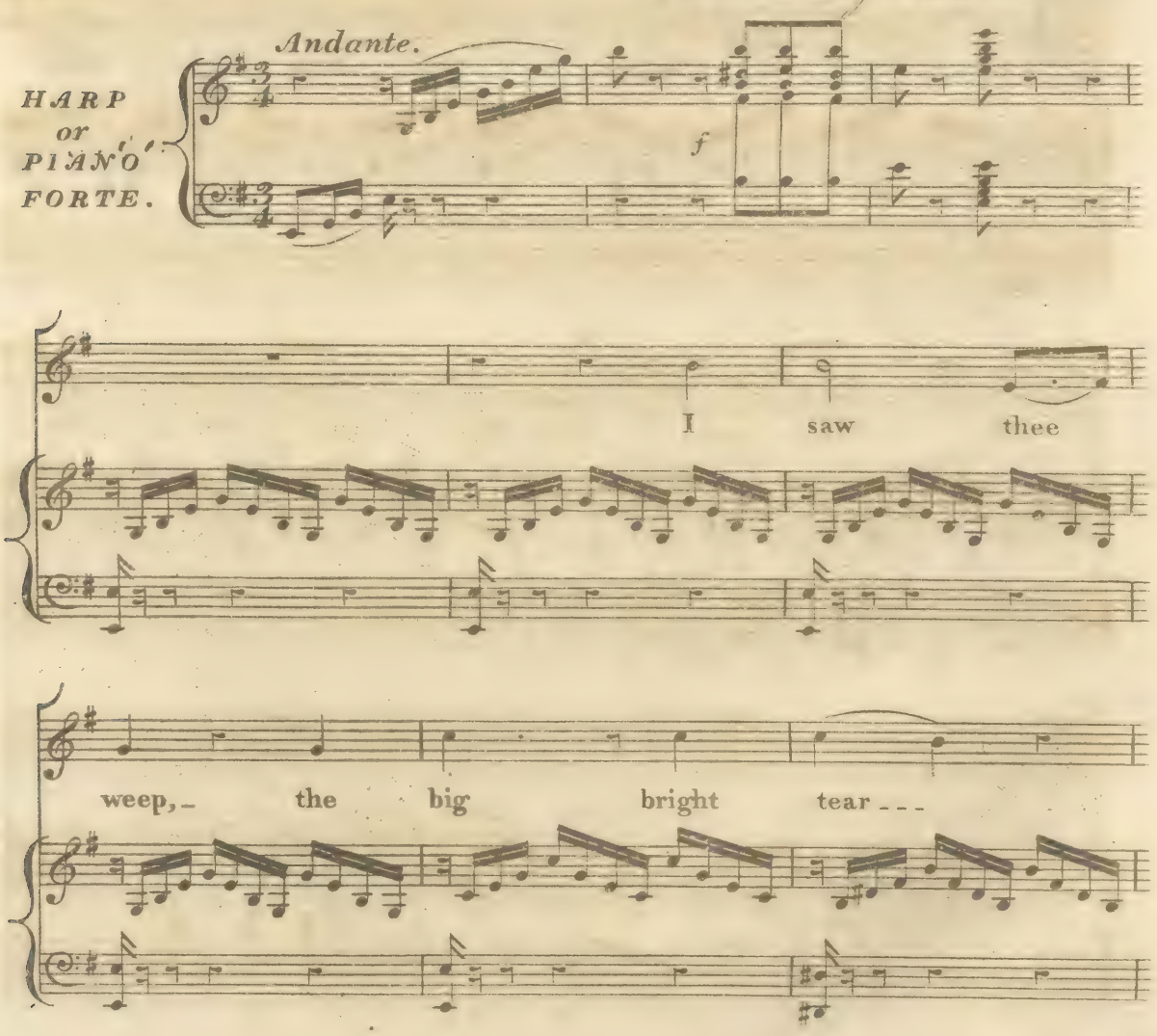

See! The Herds, gai - ly bound - ing, A - rouse at the
call, As the Ma - - tin comes sound - ing "Good
Mor - row!" to all. Come, A - way Girls! To La - bor! Brightly
glows the young Day, Come, come a - way Friend and

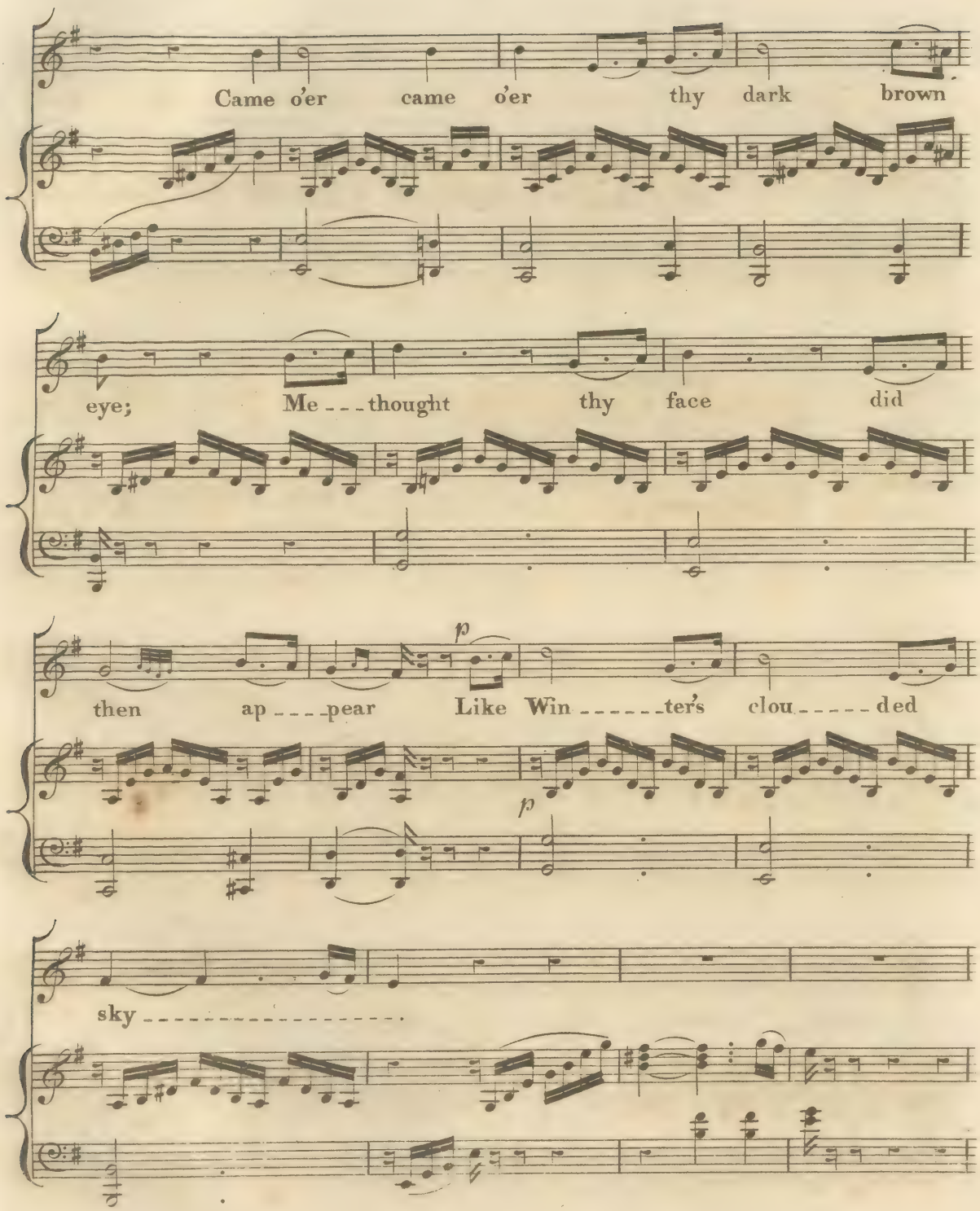

Neigh-bour! To the Vine - yard a _ _ way! To the
Vine - yard, a _ _ _ way! To the Vine_ _yard a _ _
Rall?
Rall?
way!
f
L.H.
p
rall: _ _ _

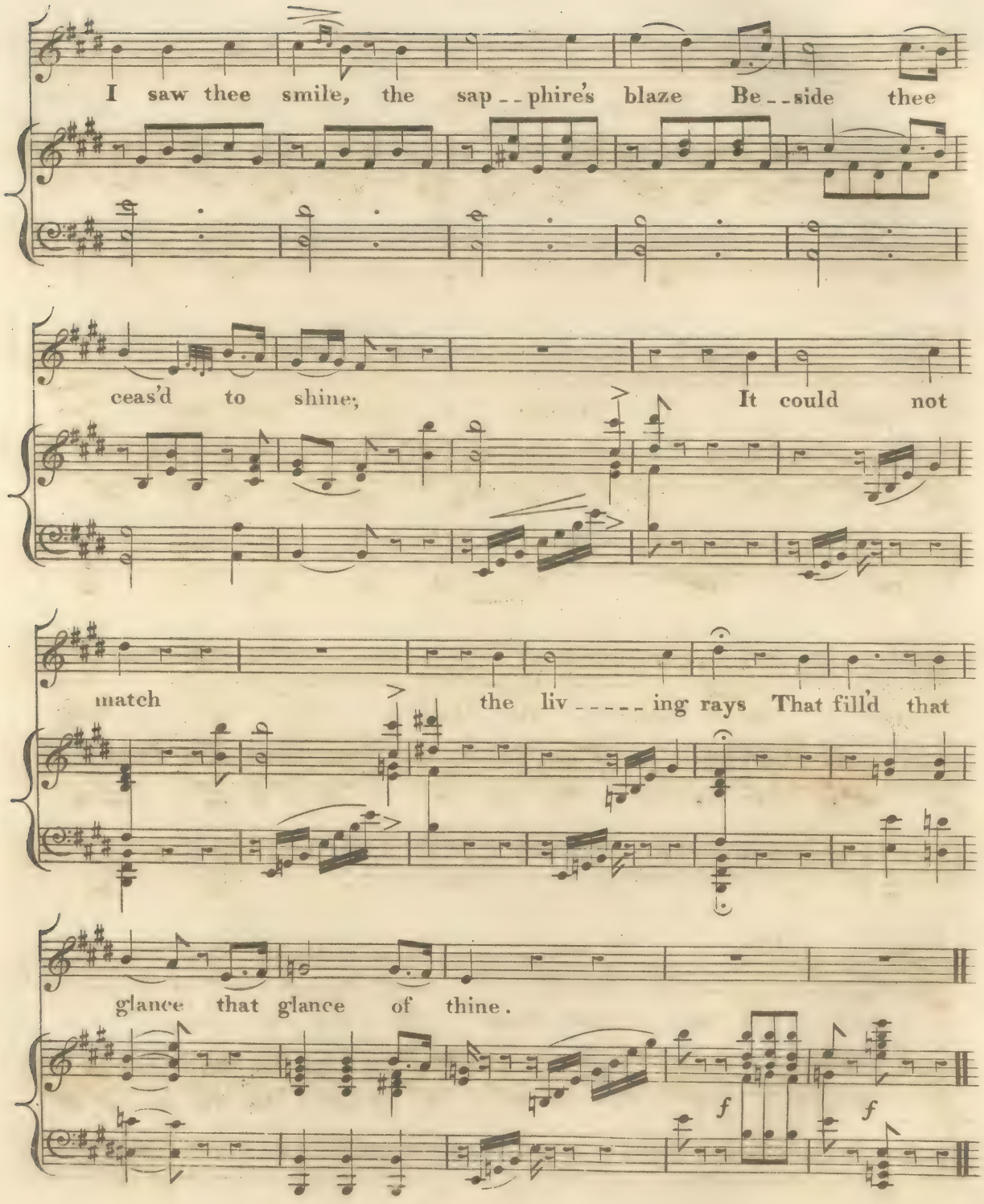
"I SAW THEE WEEP,"

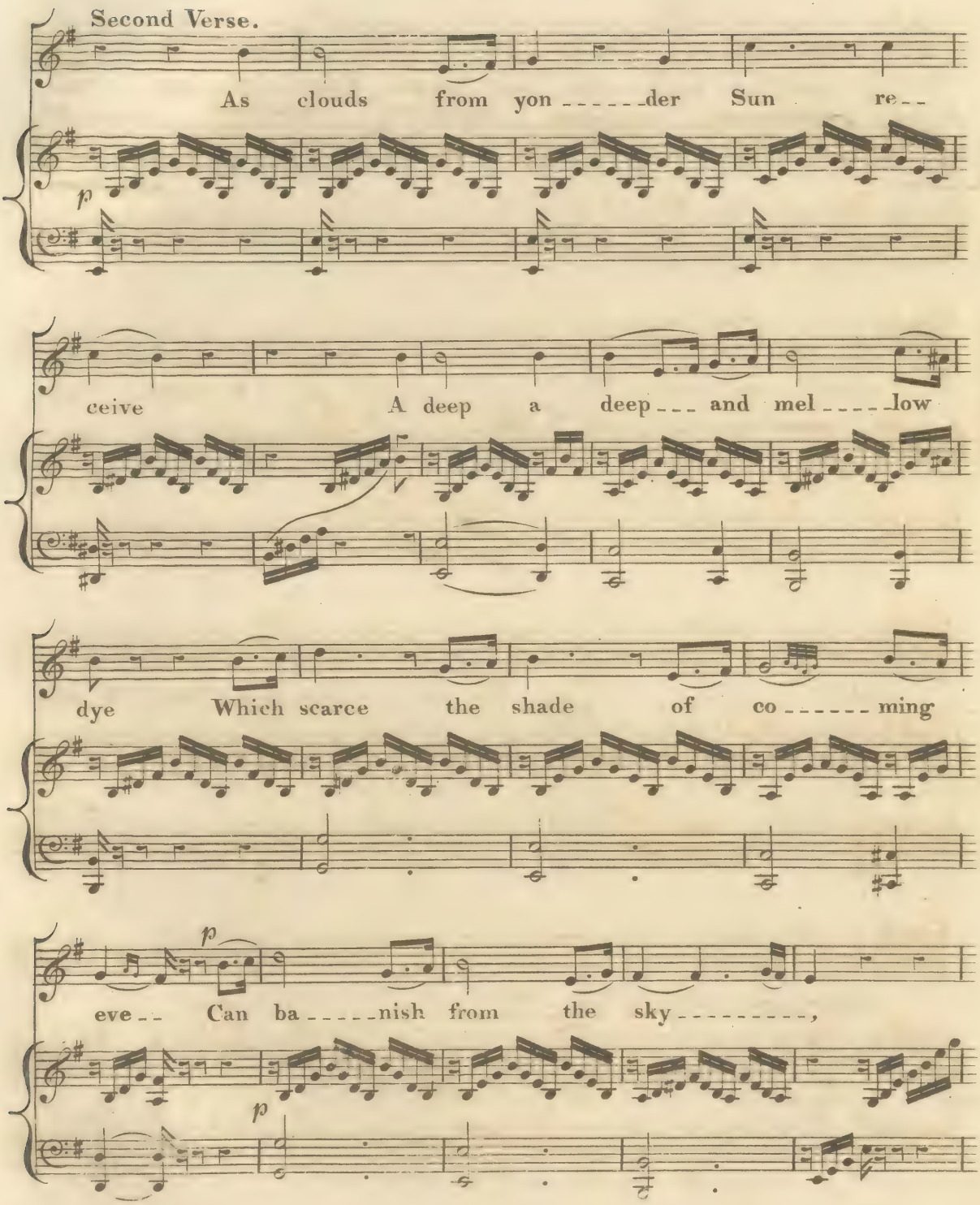
Ded.d by Mad.e Malibran to her Friend Mrs Hullmandel Bartholomew.

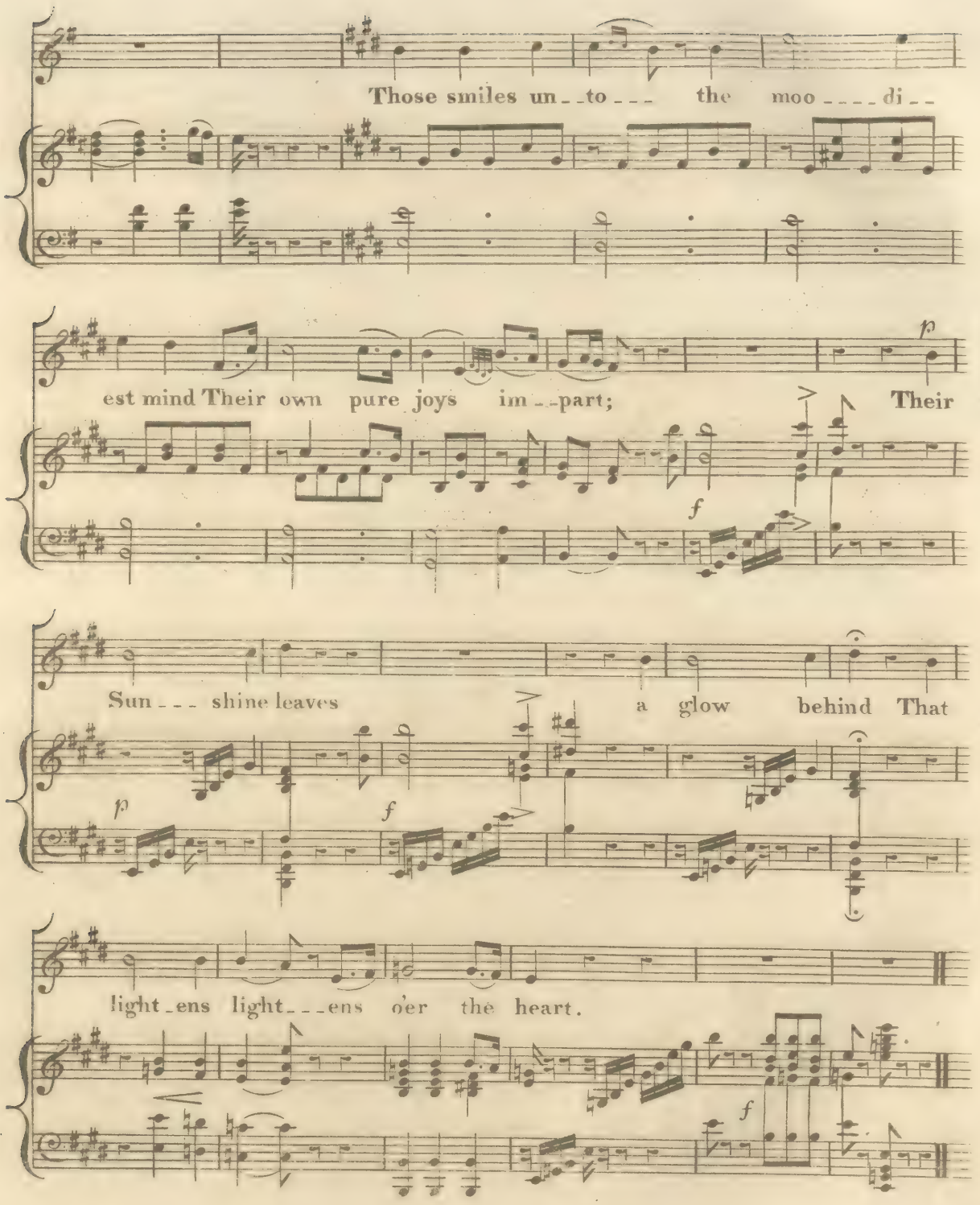
The Music by Mad.e Malibran.




Came o'er came o'er thy dark brown
eye; Me - - - thought thy face did
p
then ap - - - - pear Like Win - - - - - - ter's clou - - - - - ded
p
sky - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -


I saw thee smile, the sap--phire's blaze Be--side thee
ceas'd to shine; It could not
match the liv-----ing rays That fill'd that
glance that glance of thine.
f
f


Second Verse.
As clouds from yon der Sun re-
p
ceive A deep a deep and mel low
dye Which scarce the shade of co ming
p
eve- Can ba nish from the sky ,
p


Those smiles un_to_ the moo_di_
p
est mind Their own pure joys im_part;
Their
f
Sun_ shine leaves
a glow behind That
p
f
light_ens light_ens o'er the heart.
f

"I SAW THEE WEEP."

THE WORDS BY LORD BYRON.

I saw thee weep, the big bright tear
Came o'er thy dark brown eye;
Methought thy face did then appear
Like winter's clouded sky.
I saw thee smile, the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
I could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky;
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart.

LE RETOUR DE LA TYROLIENNE.

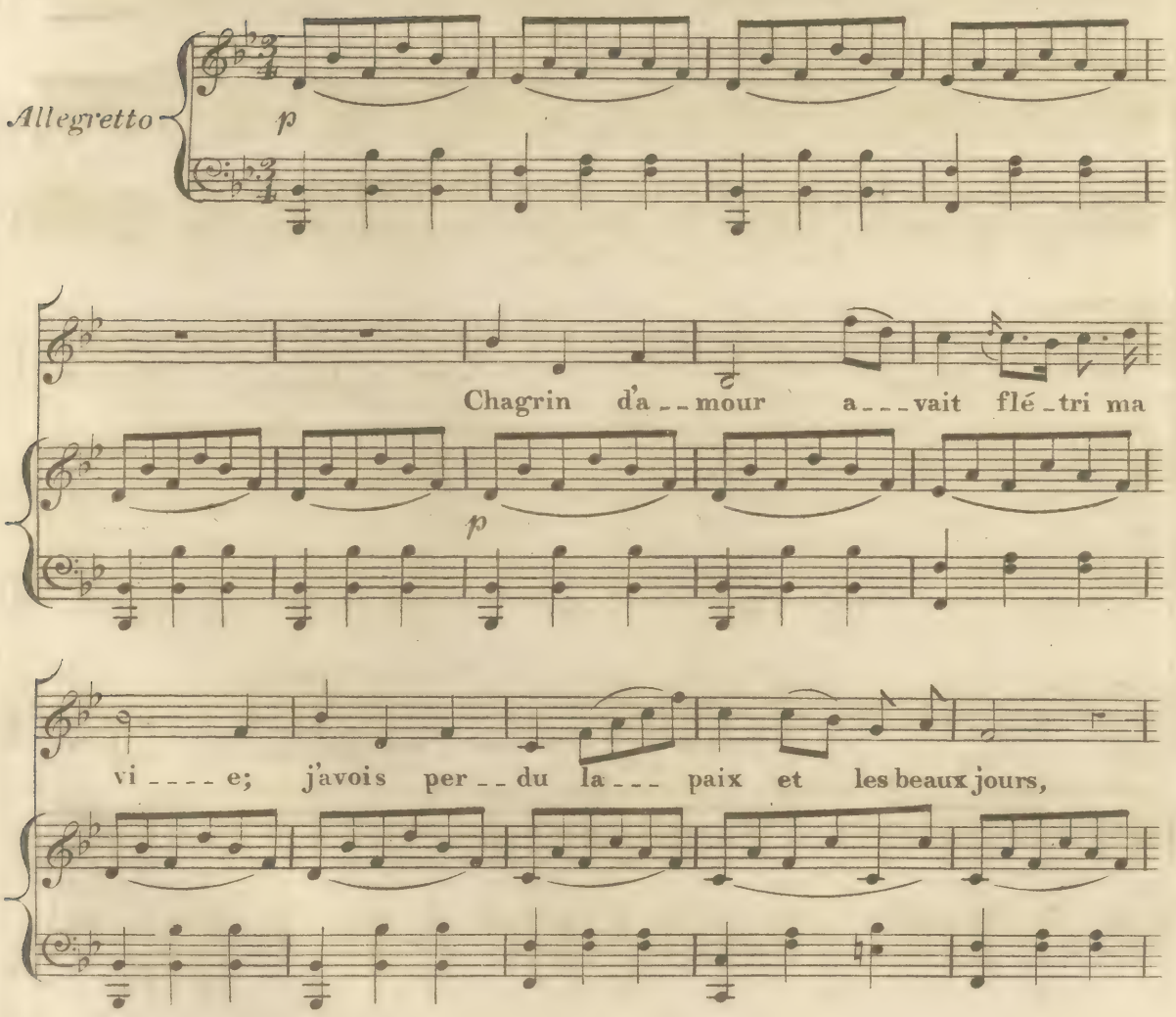
Chagrin d'amour avoit flétri ma vie ;
J'avois perdu la paix et les beaux jours ;
Je les retrouve en voyant ma patrie—
De son pays l'on se souvient toujours.
La, la, la, &c.

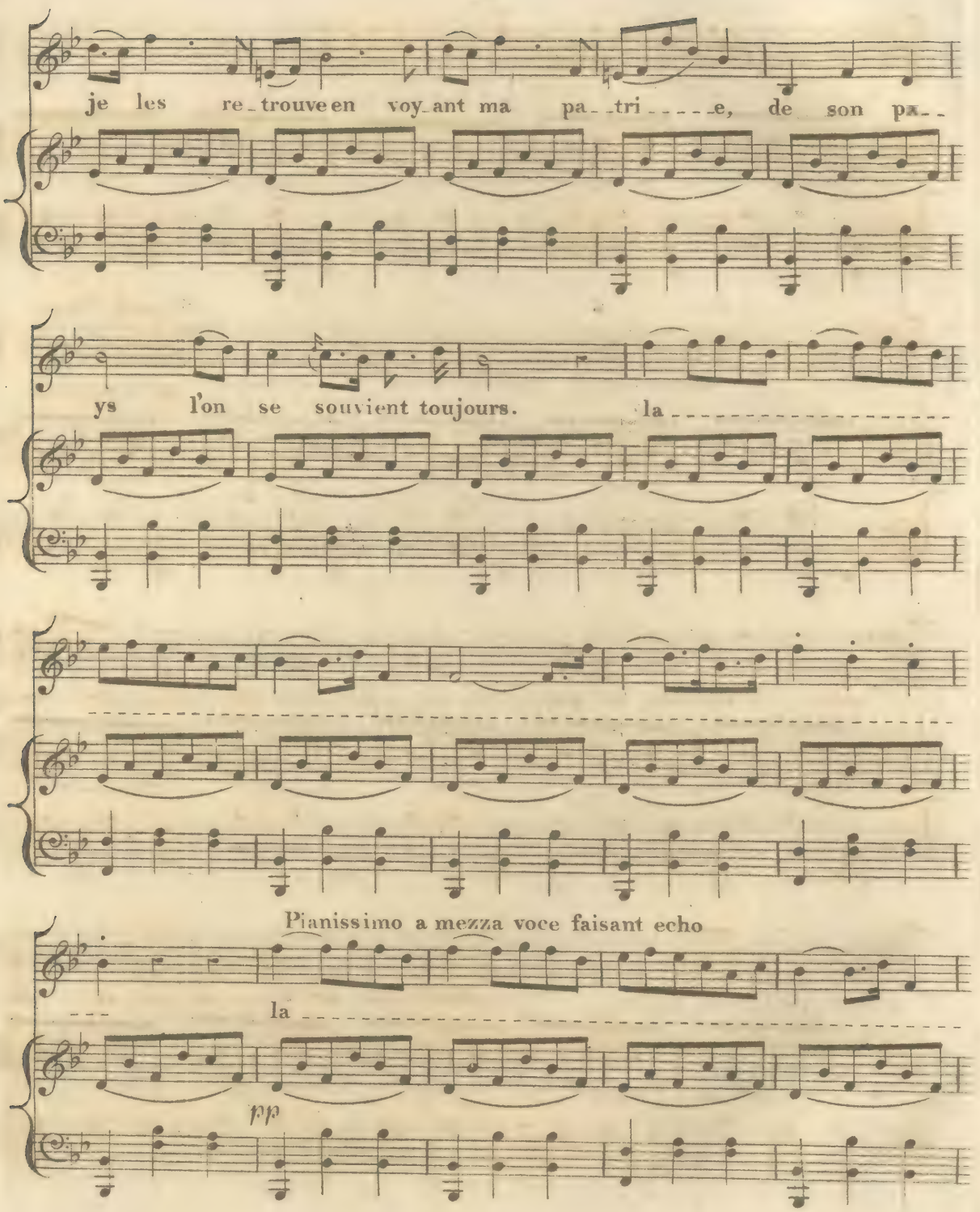
Je reconnois le vallon, la prairie,
Ce clair ruisseau, ces monts, ces vielles tours,
Et l'humble toit d'une mère chérie ;
Car de sa mère on se souvient toujours.
La, la, la, &c.

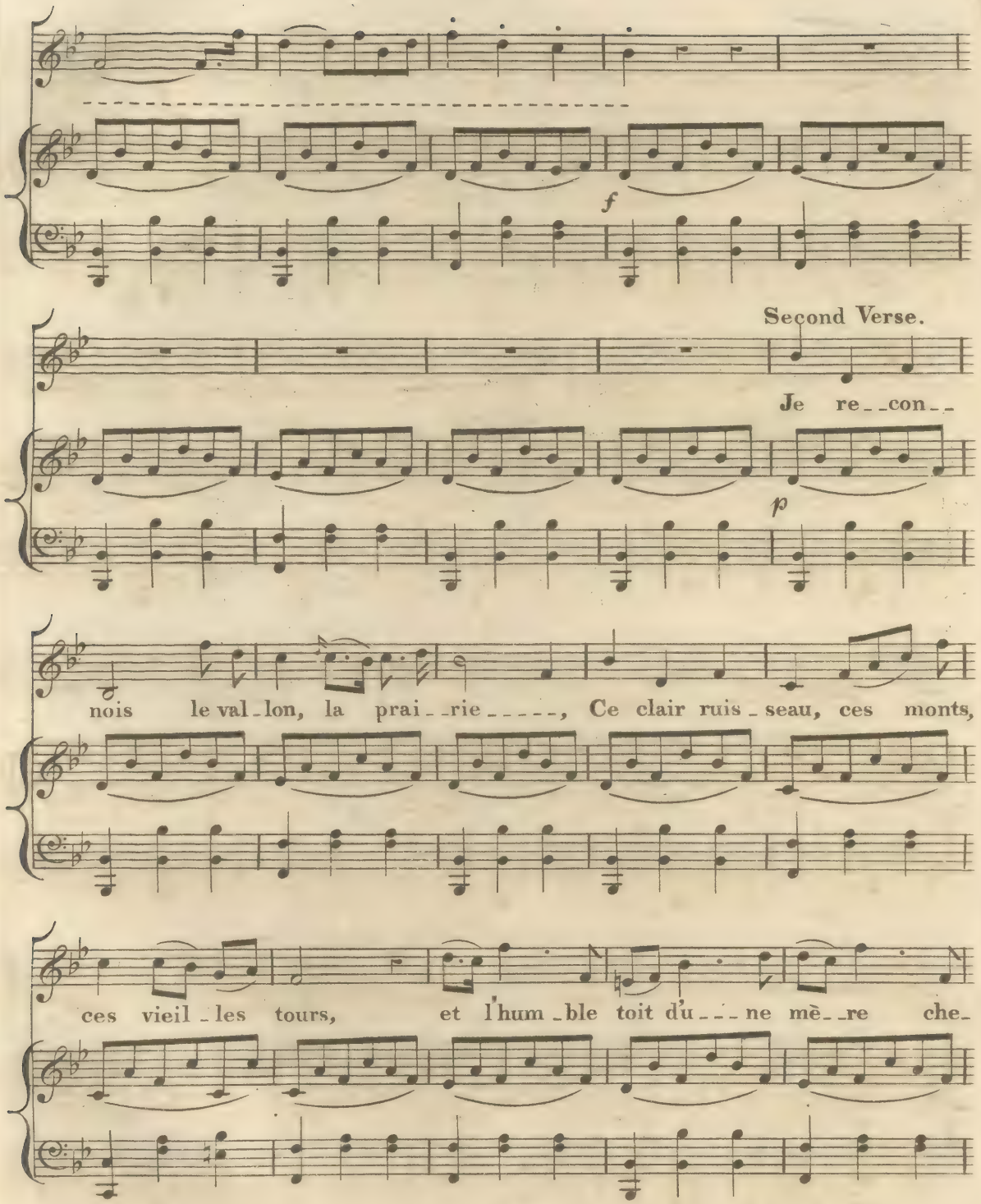
J'entends déja cette ronde jolie,
Qui de nos bois a passé dans les cours ;
Doux chant d'amour, ne crains pas que j'oublie
Ton gai refrain—je m'en souviens toujours.
La, la, la, &c.

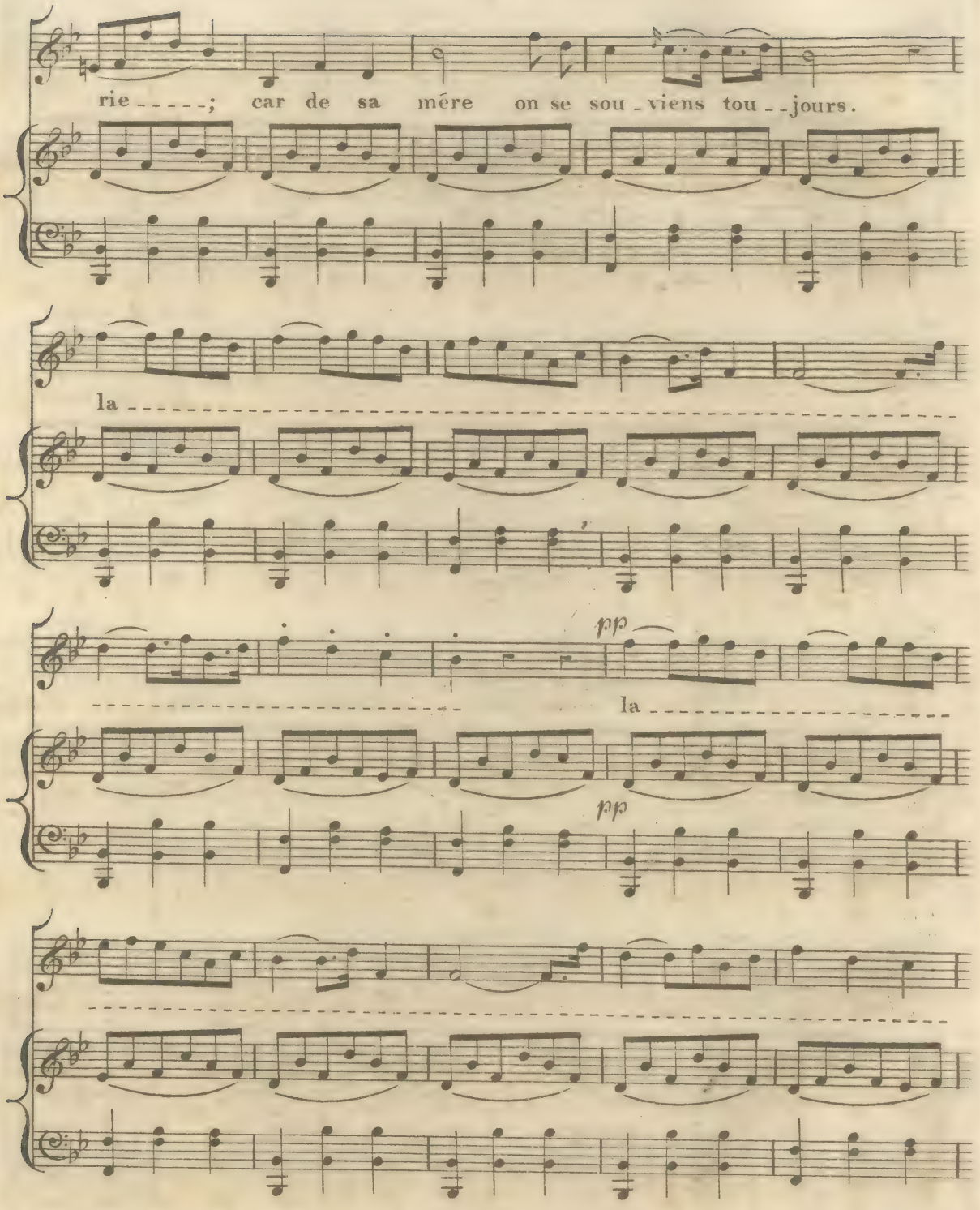
LE RETOUR DE LA TYROLIENNE.

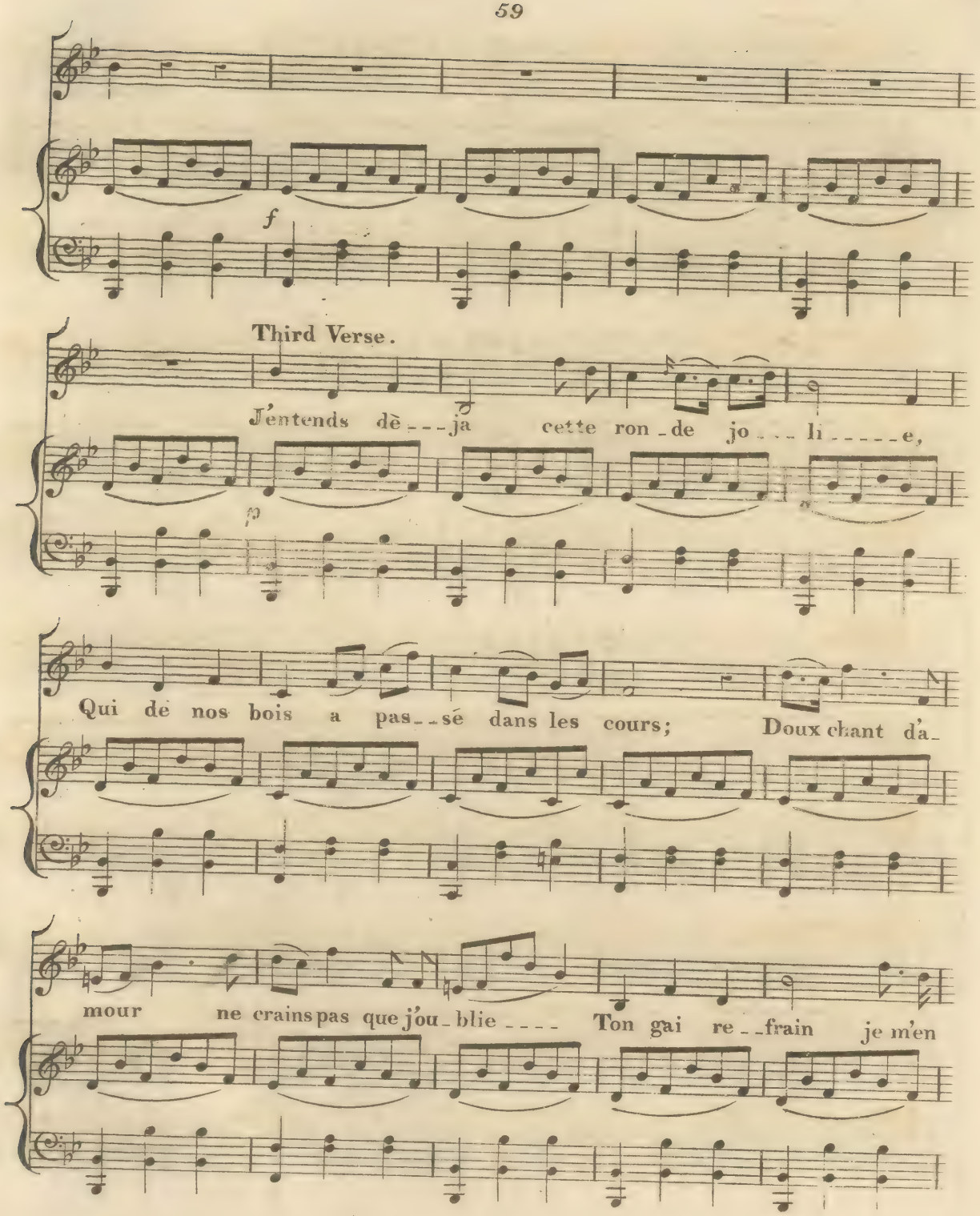
The Music by Mad^e. Malibran.

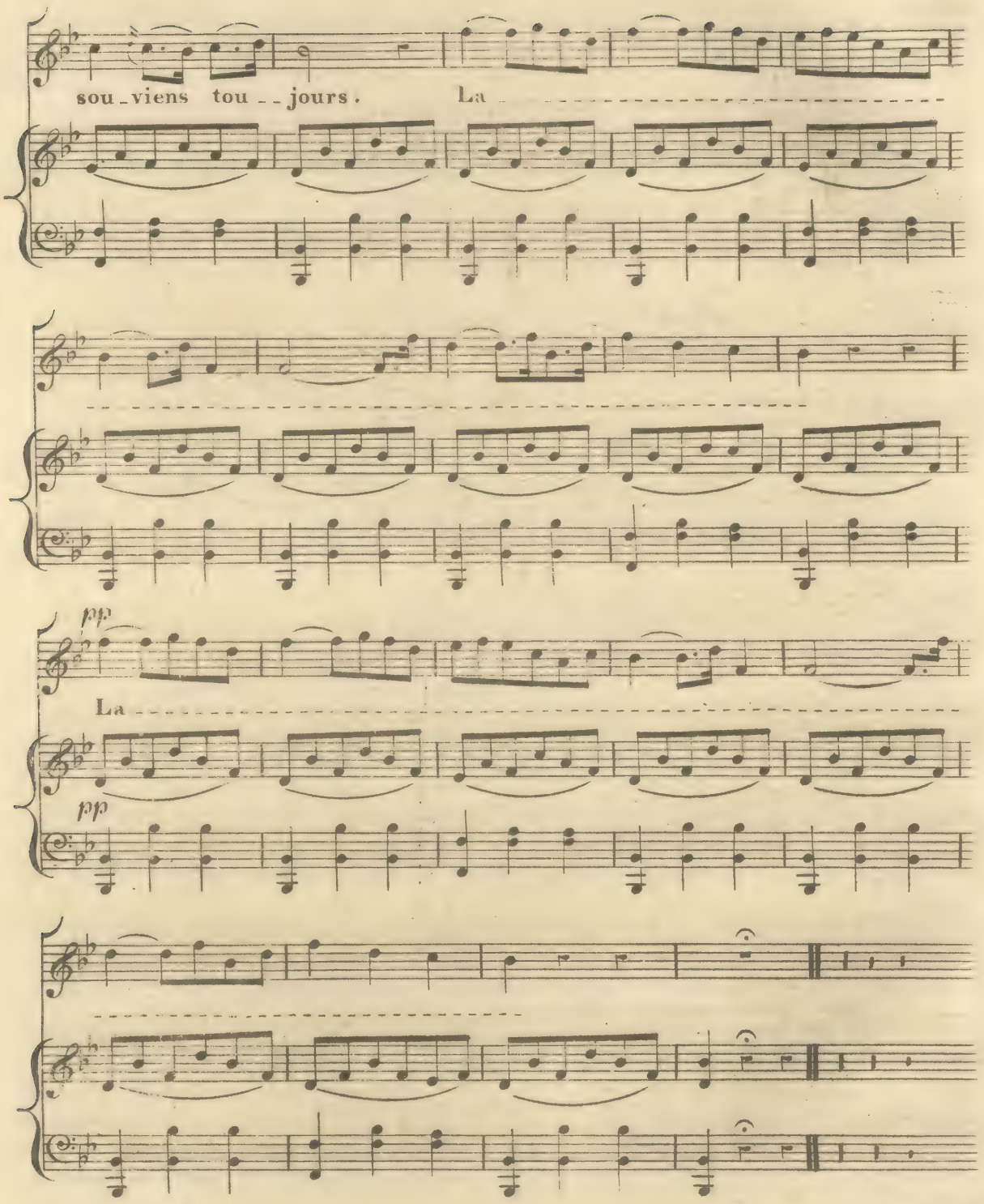



je les re_trouve en voy_ant ma pa_tri_____e, de son pa__
ys l'on se souvient toujours. la
Pianissimo a mezza voce faisant echo
la
pp


f
Second Verse.
Je re__con__
p
nois le val_lon, la prai__rie_____, Ce clair ruis_seau, ces monts,
ces vieil_les tours, et l'hum_ble toit d'u___ne mè__re che_


rie _ _ _ _ _ ; car de sa mére on se sou _ viens tou _ _ jours.
la
pp
la
pp


f
Third Verse.
J'entends dè - - - ja cette ron - de jo - - - li - - - - - e,
p
Qui de nos bois a pas - - sé dans les cours; Doux chant d'a -
mour ne crains pas que j'ou - blie - - - - Ton gai re - - frain je m'en

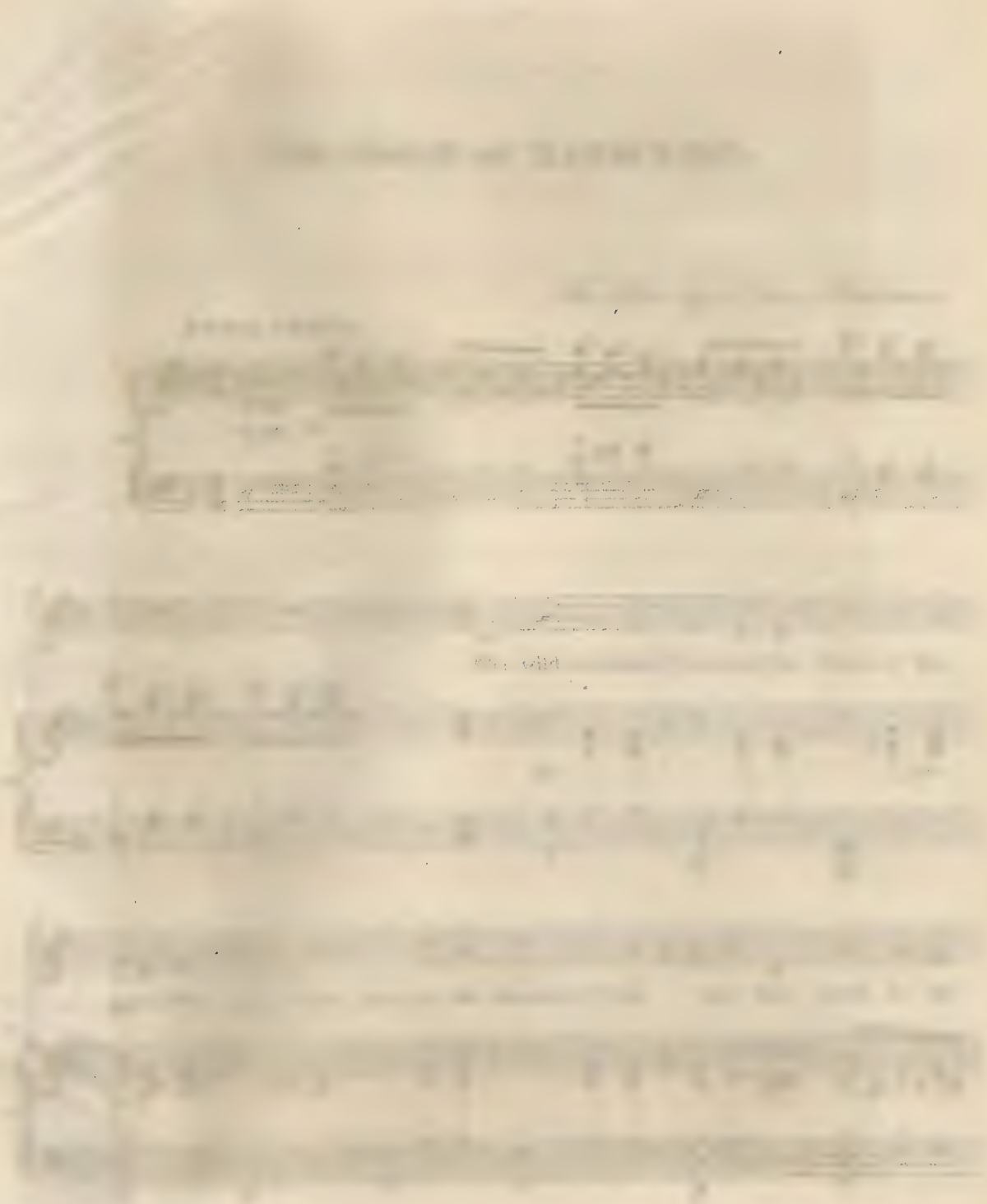

sou_viens tou__jours.
La
pp
La
pp

Designed and Drawn on Stone by T. M. Baynes.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

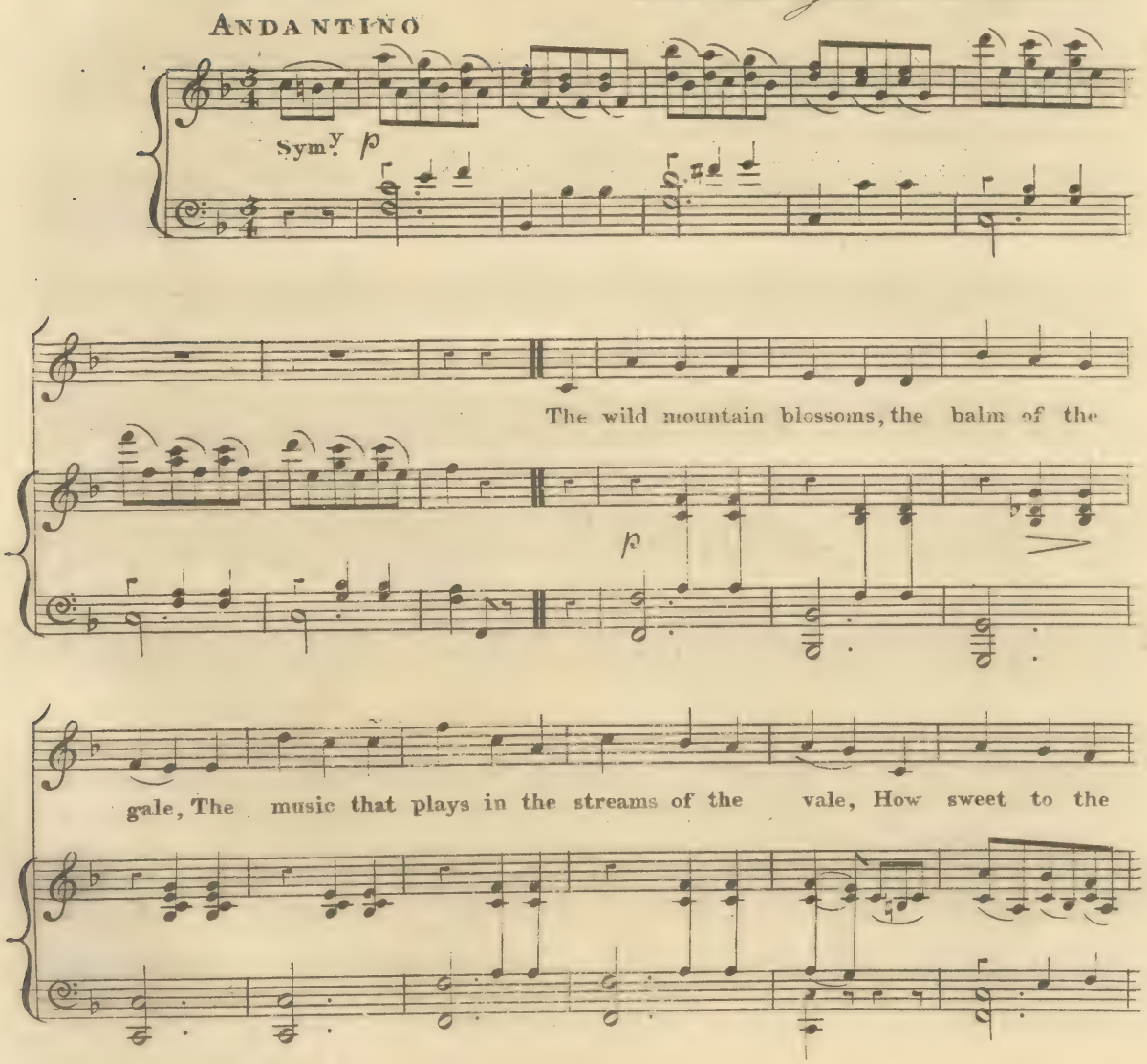
The Moor's gentle splendors, mid [illegible]
Our Lake and der woodland still beautifully shine;
But beneath its soft lustre no longer I see
The smile that has beamed sweeter radiance on [illegible]
[illegible] of Elsmere.

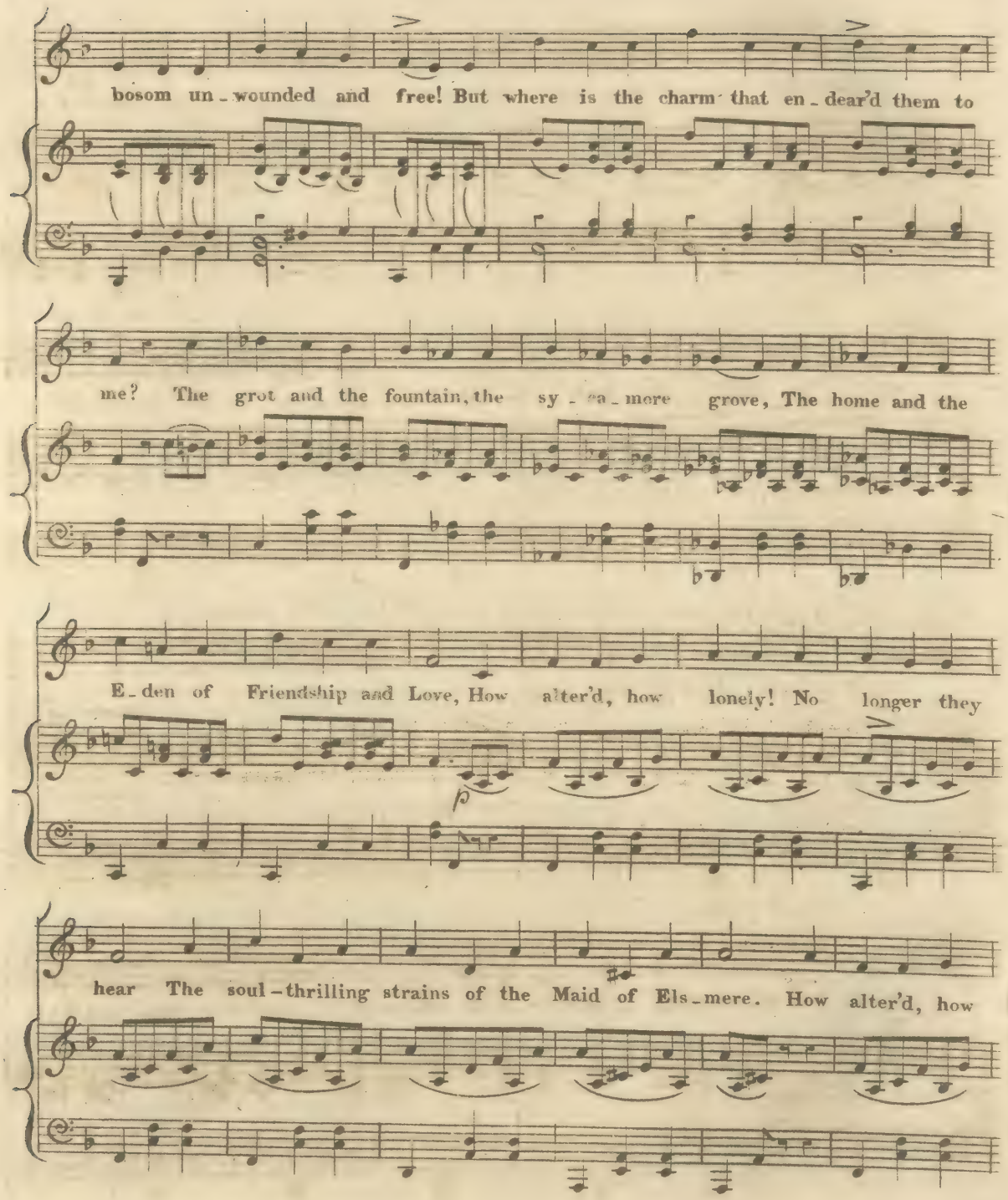
London. Published by Moor & Lawrence, 28, New Bond Street

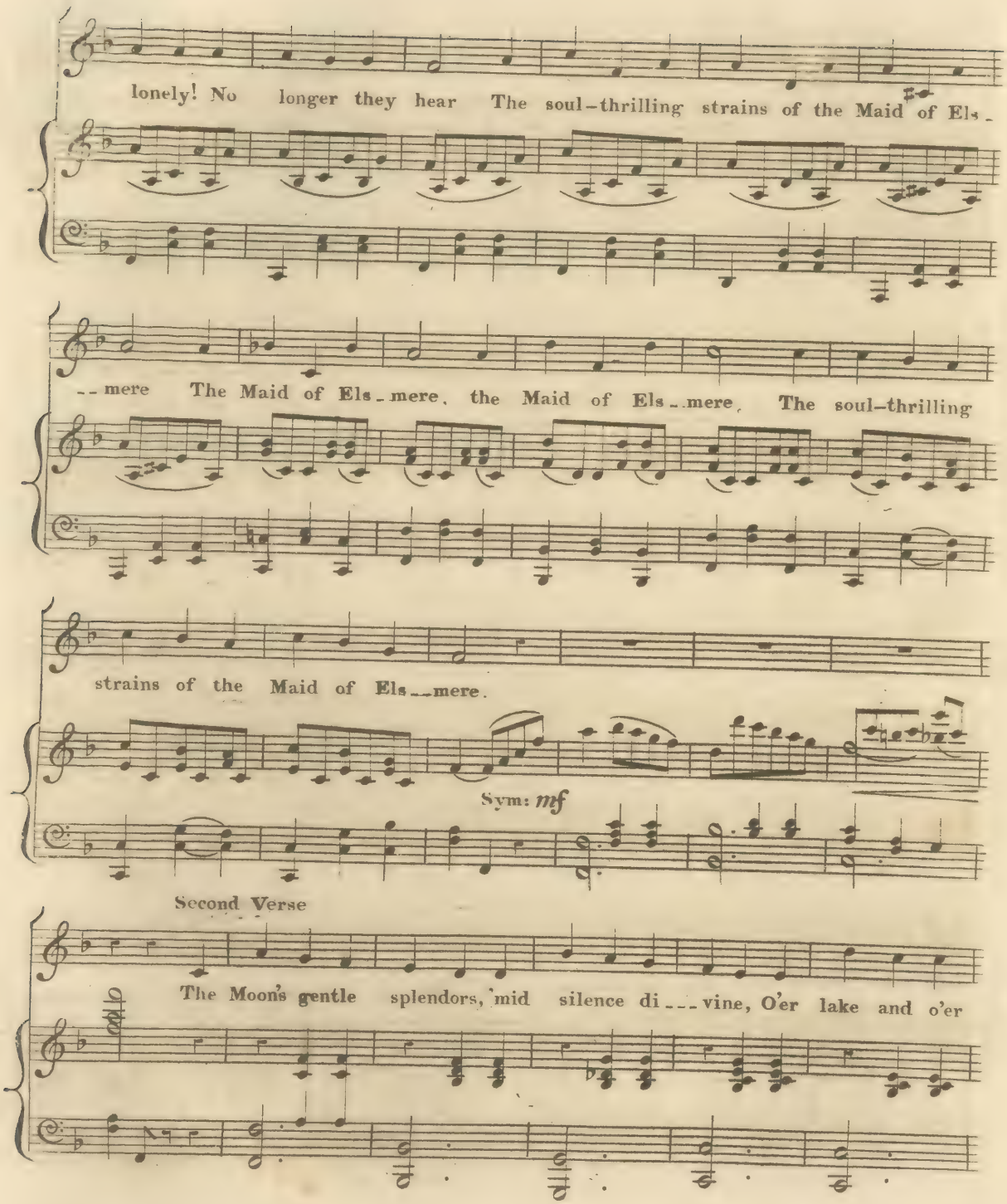


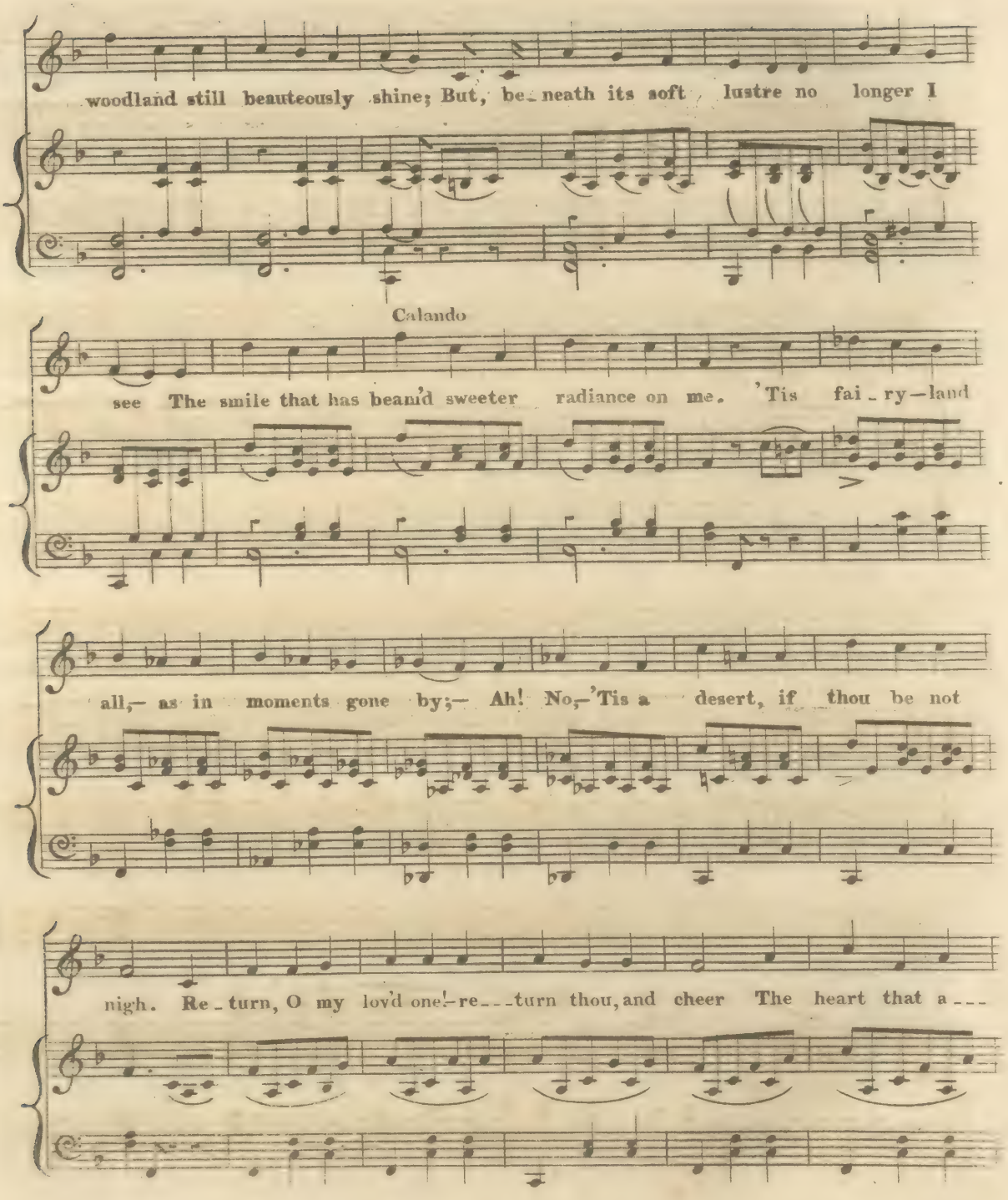
THE MAID of ELSMERE.

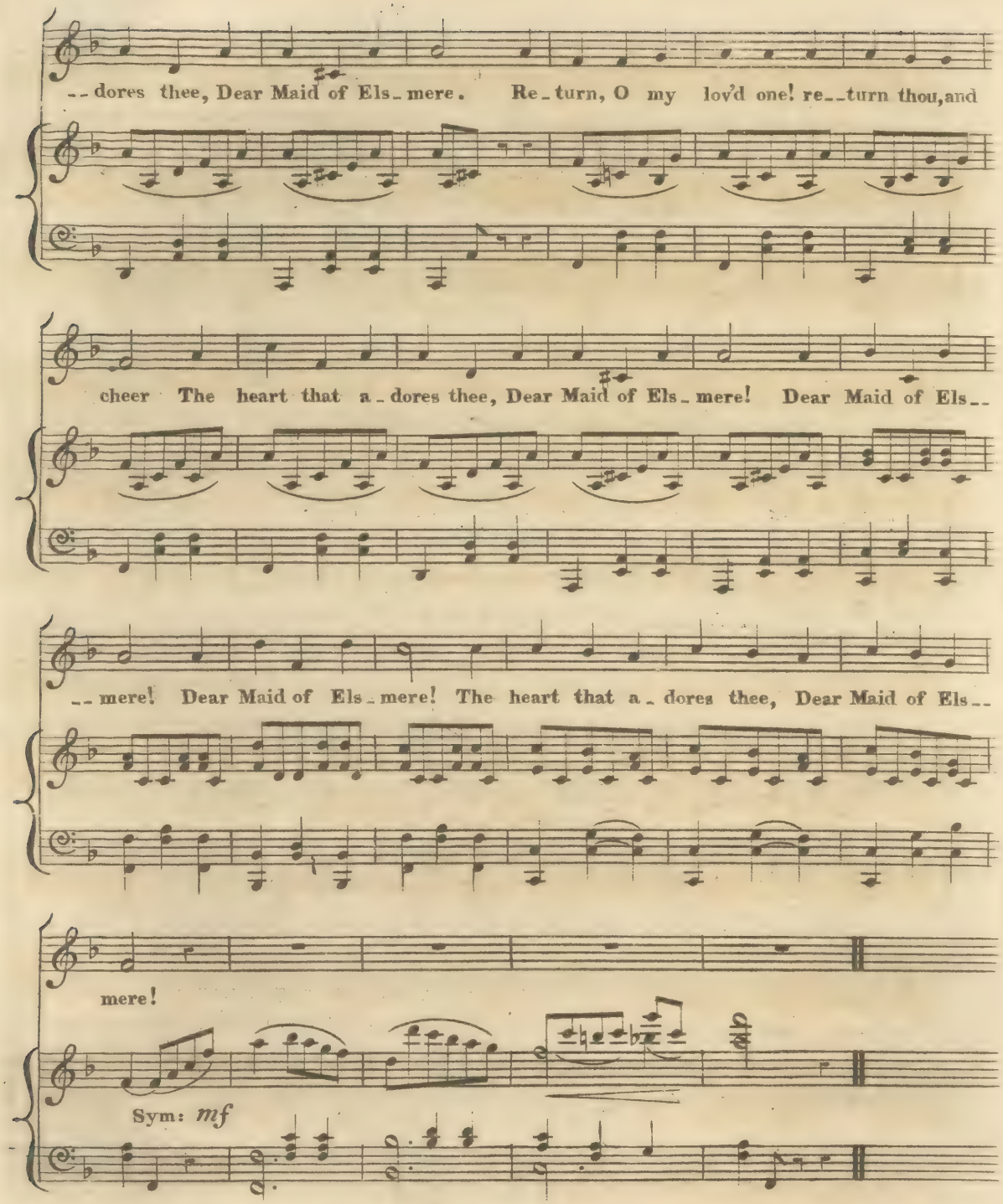
The Music by Lvan Beethoven.




bosom un-wounded and free! But where is the charm that en-dear'd them to
me? The grot and the fountain, the sy-ca-more grove, The home and the
E-den of Friendship and Love, How alter'd, how lonely! No longer they
hear The soul-thrilling strains of the Maid of Els-mere. How alter'd, how


lonely! No longer they hear The soul-thrilling strains of the Maid of Els-
--mere The Maid of Els-mere, the Maid of Els--mere, The soul-thrilling
strains of the Maid of Els--mere.
Sym: mf
Second Verse
The Moon's gentle splendors, 'mid silence di---vine, O'er lake and o'er


woodland still beauteously shine; But, be_neath its soft lustre no longer I
Calando
see The smile that has beam'd sweeter radiance on me. 'Tis fai_ry—land
all,— as in moments gone by;— Ah! No,—'Tis a desert, if thou be not
nigh. Re_turn, O my lov'd one!—re___turn thou, and cheer The heart that a___


--dores thee, Dear Maid of Els-mere. Re-turn, O my lov'd one! re--turn thou, and
cheer The heart that a-dores thee, Dear Maid of Els-mere! Dear Maid of Els--
--mere! Dear Maid of Els-mere! The heart that a-dores thee, Dear Maid of Els--
mere!
Sym: mf

THE MAID OF ELSMERE.

THE WORDS BY W. BALL.

The wild mountain blossoms, the balm of the gale,
The music that plays in the streams of the vale,
How sweet to the bosom unwounded and free!
But where is the charm that endear'd them to me?

The grot and the fountain, the sycamore grove,
The home and the Eden of friendship and love,
How alter'd, how lonely! no longer they hear
The soul-thrilling strains of the MAID OF ELSMERE.

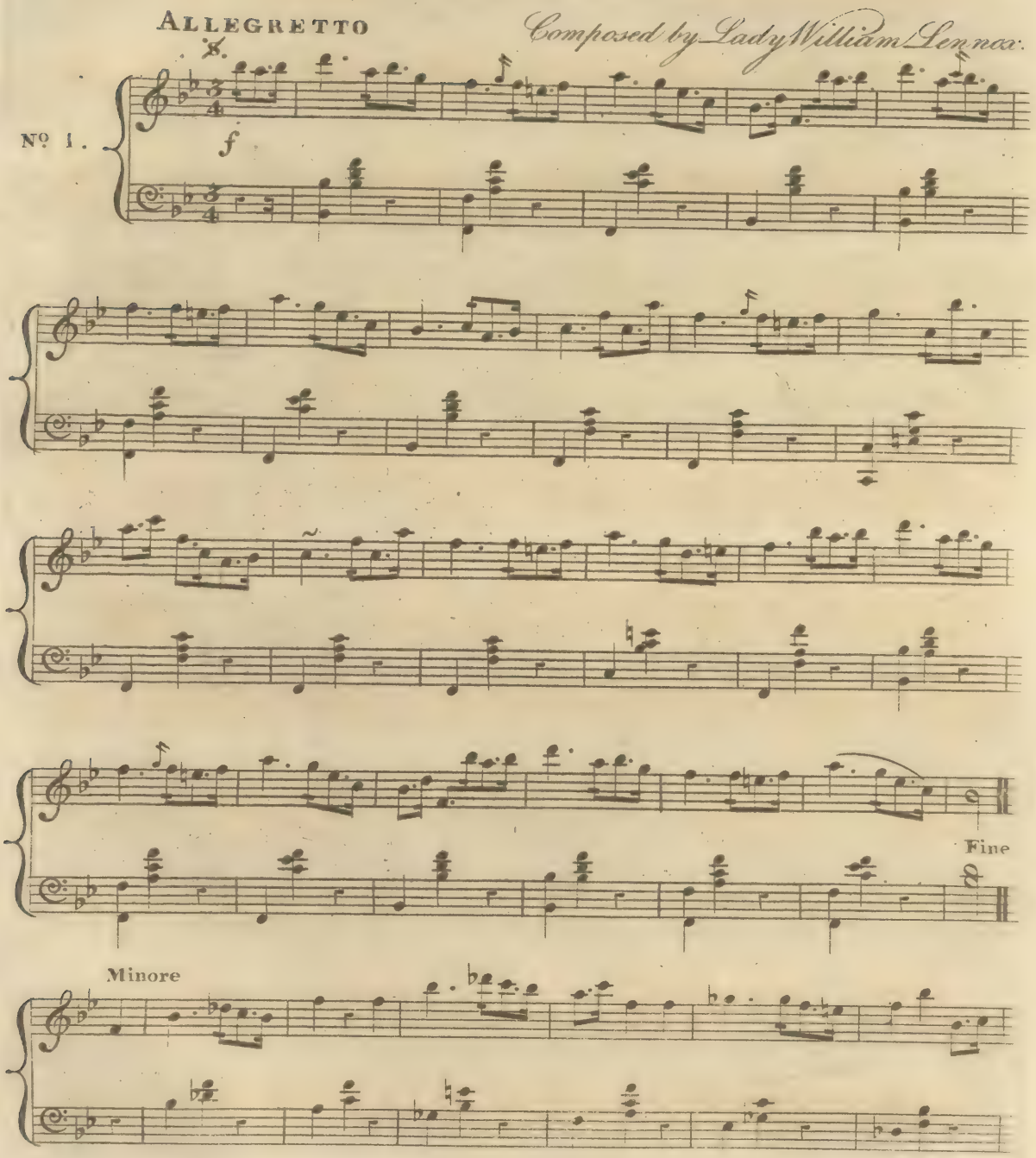
The moon's gentle splendors, 'mid silence divine,
O'er lake and o'er woodland still beauteously shine;
But, beneath its soft lustre, no longer I see
The smile that has beam'd sweeter radiance on me.

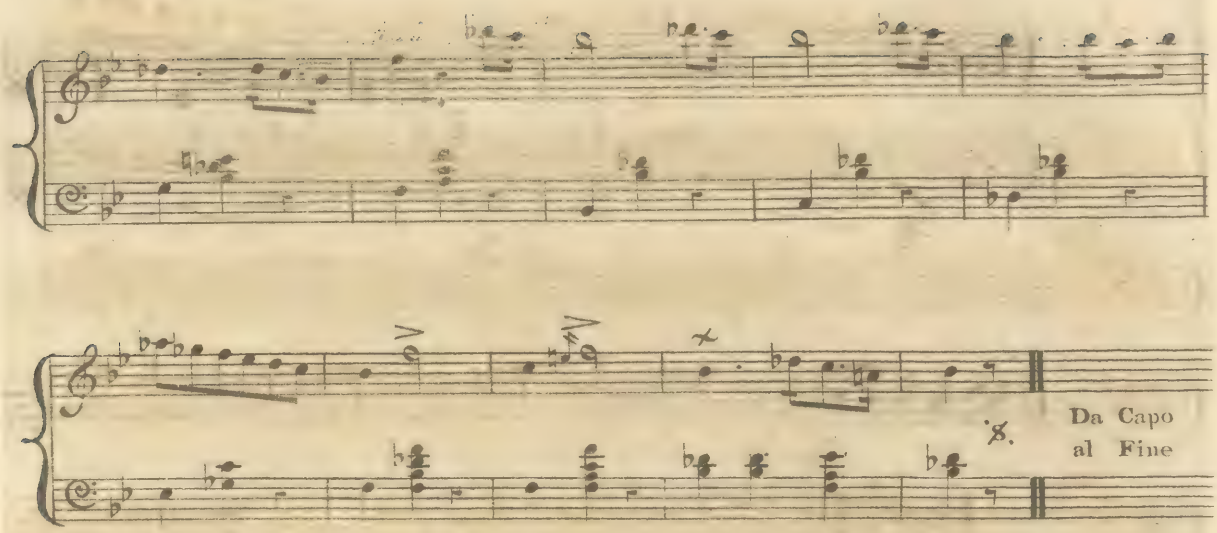
'Tis fairy-land all—as in moments gone by—
Ah! no—'tis a desert, if thou be not nigh!
Return, oh! my loved one, return thou, and cheer
The heart that adores thee, dear MAID OF ELSMERE.

WALTZ. Nº1.

ALLEGRETTO

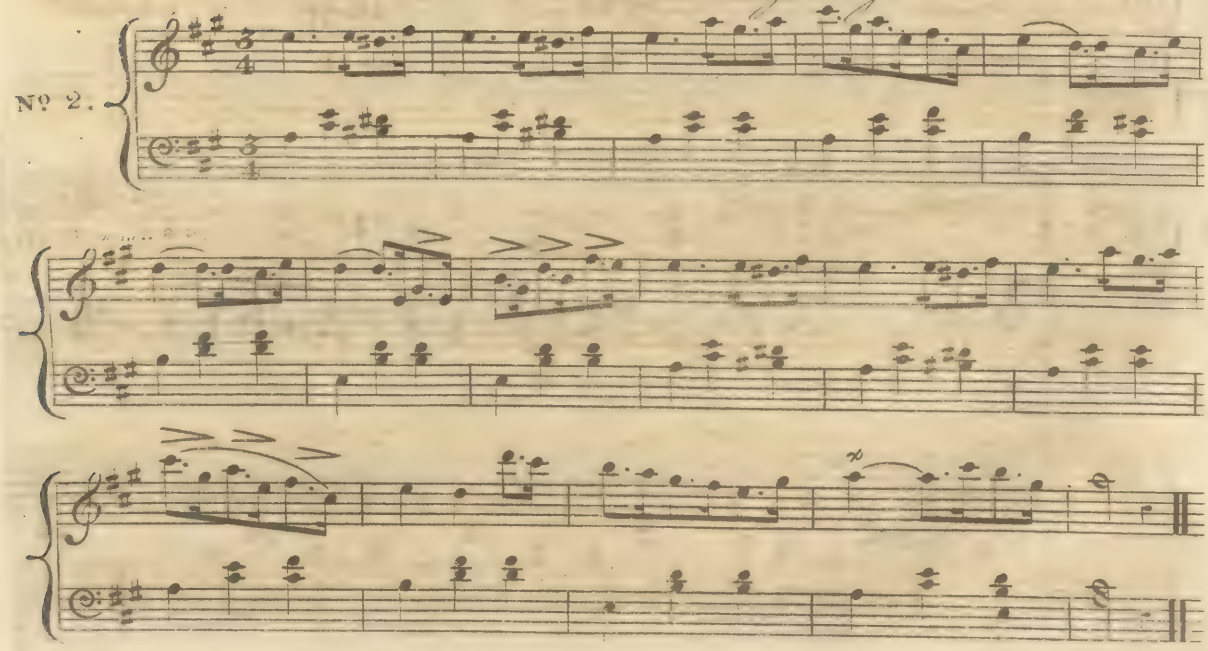
Composed by Lady William Lennox.

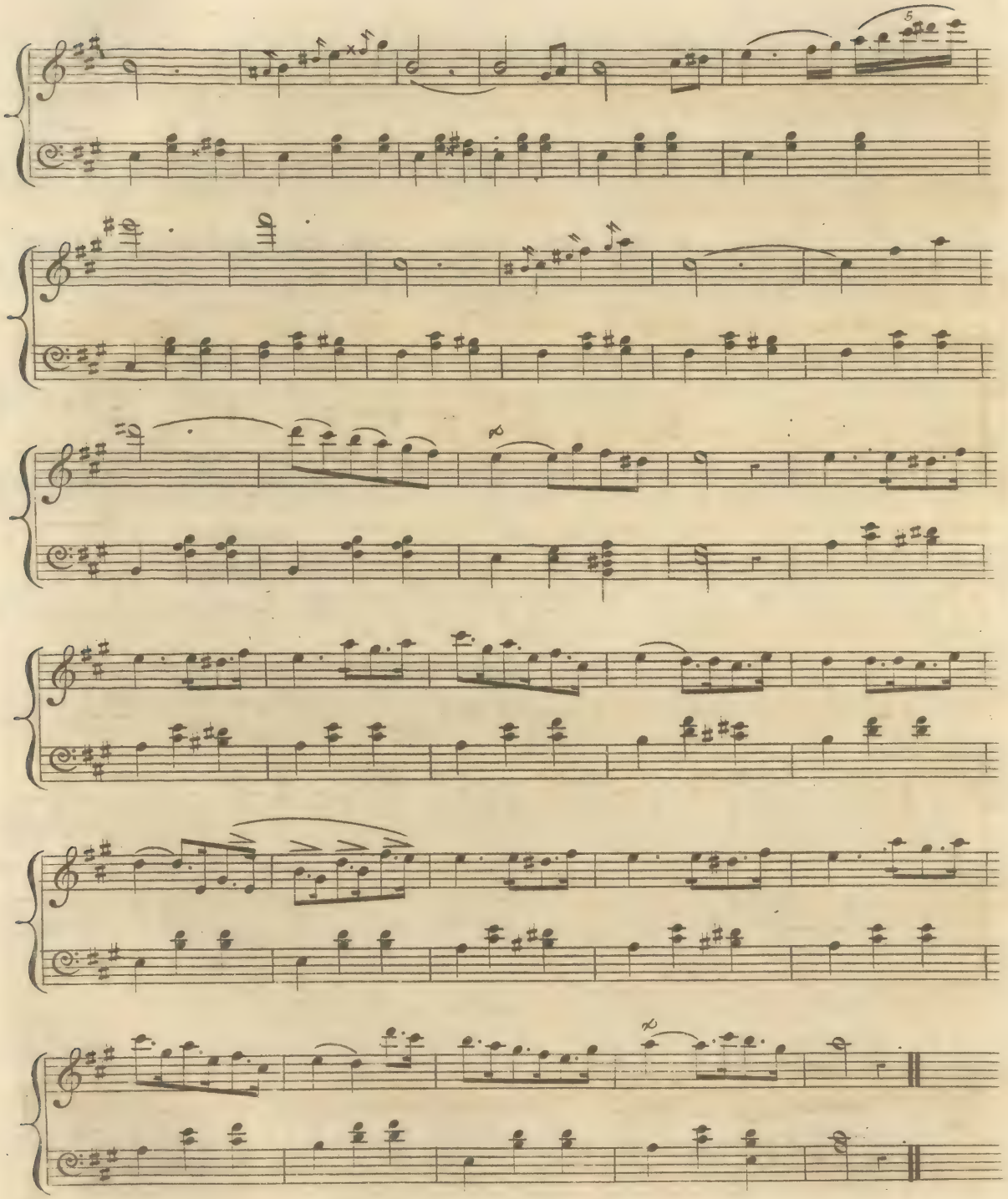




WALTZ. No 2.

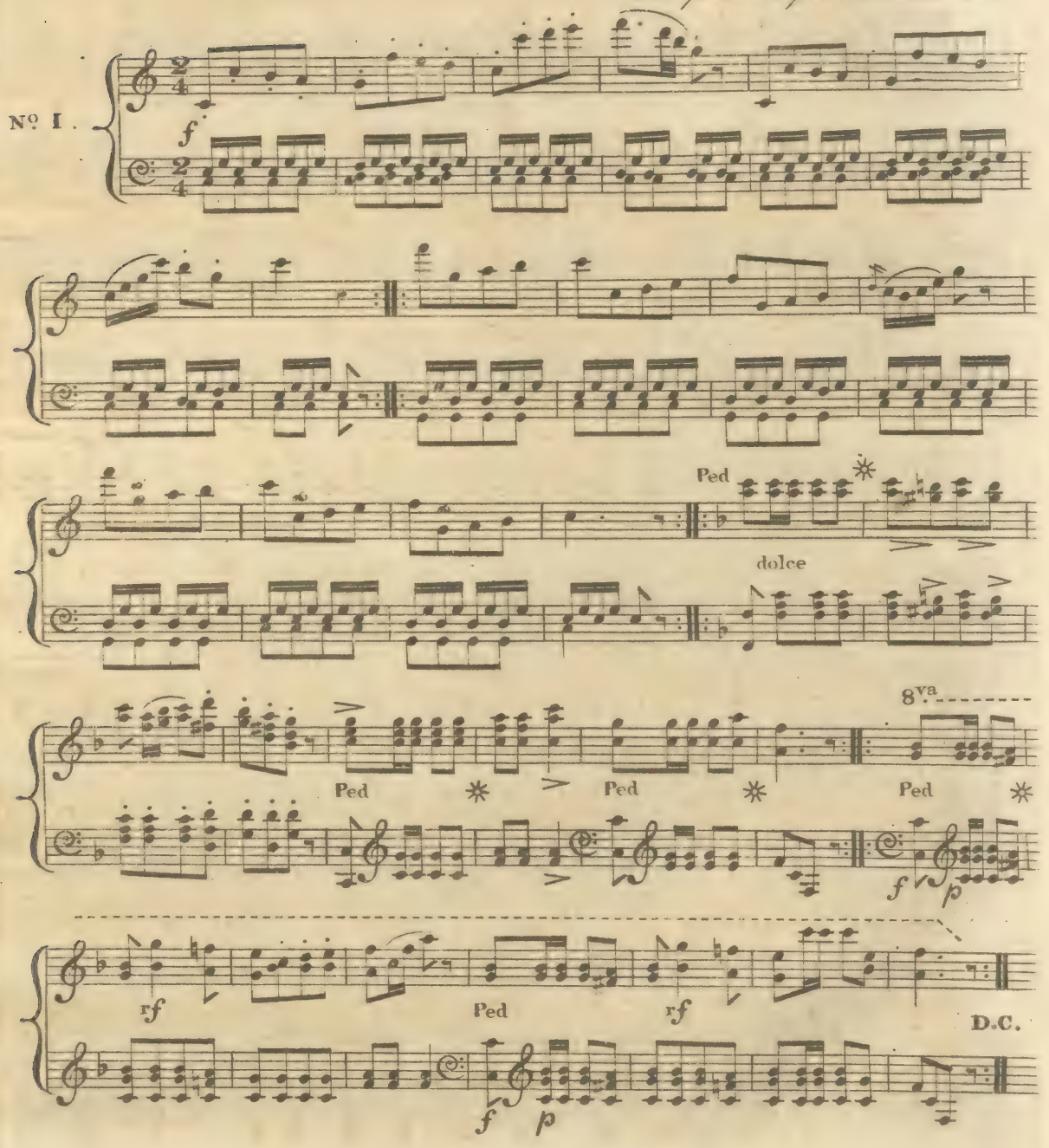
Composed by Lady William Lennox.

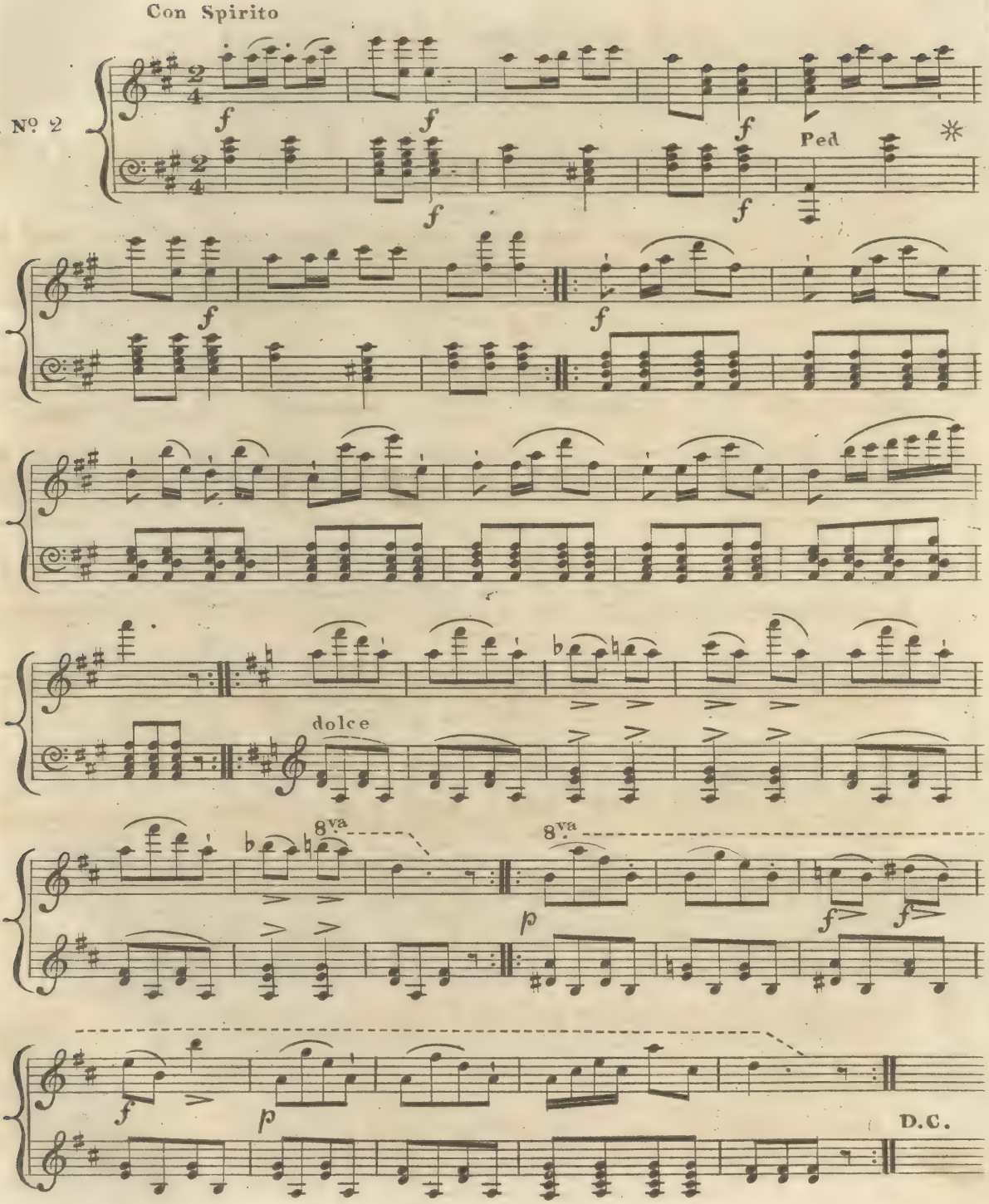


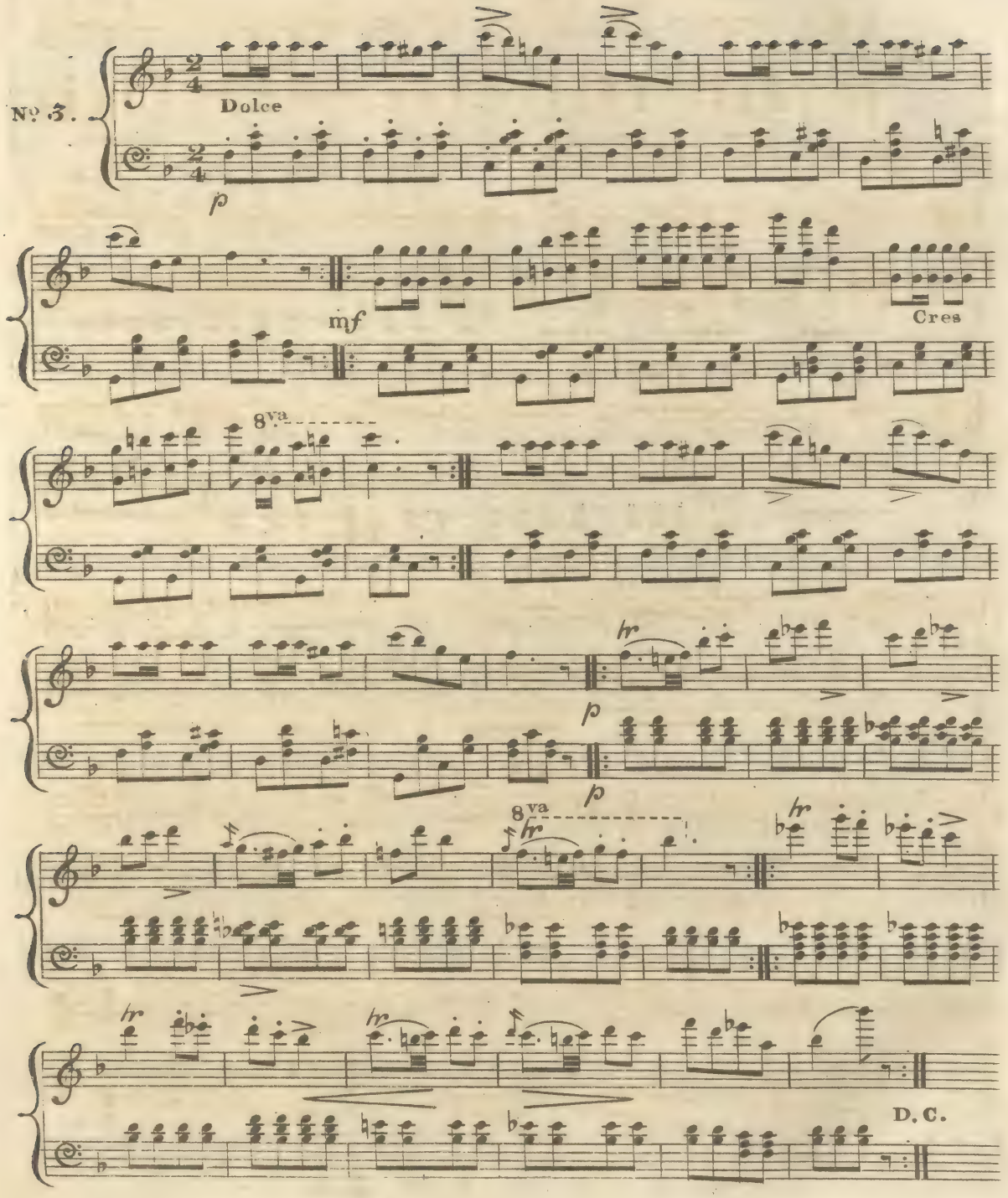


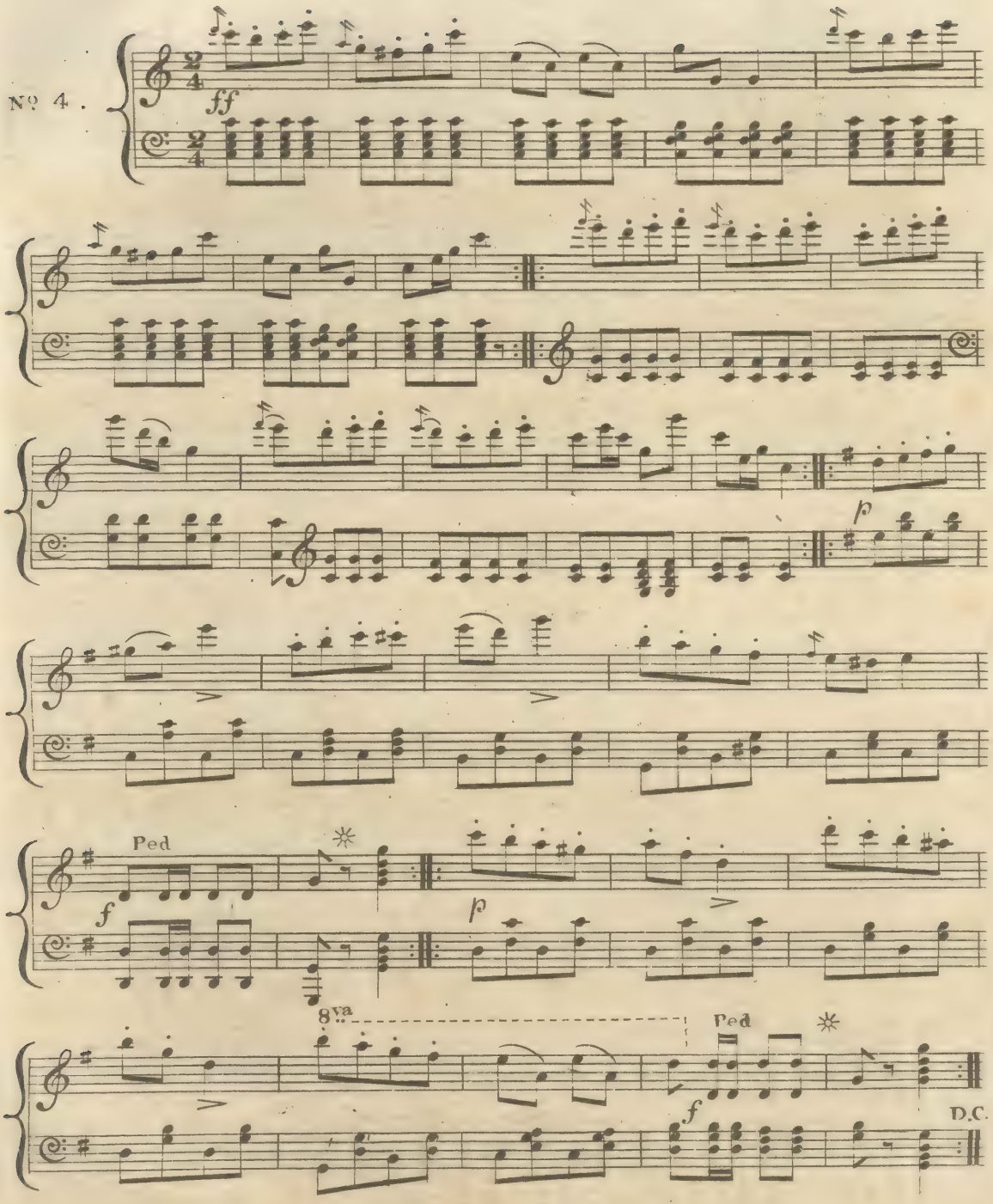
A NEW SETT OF CALOPHES.

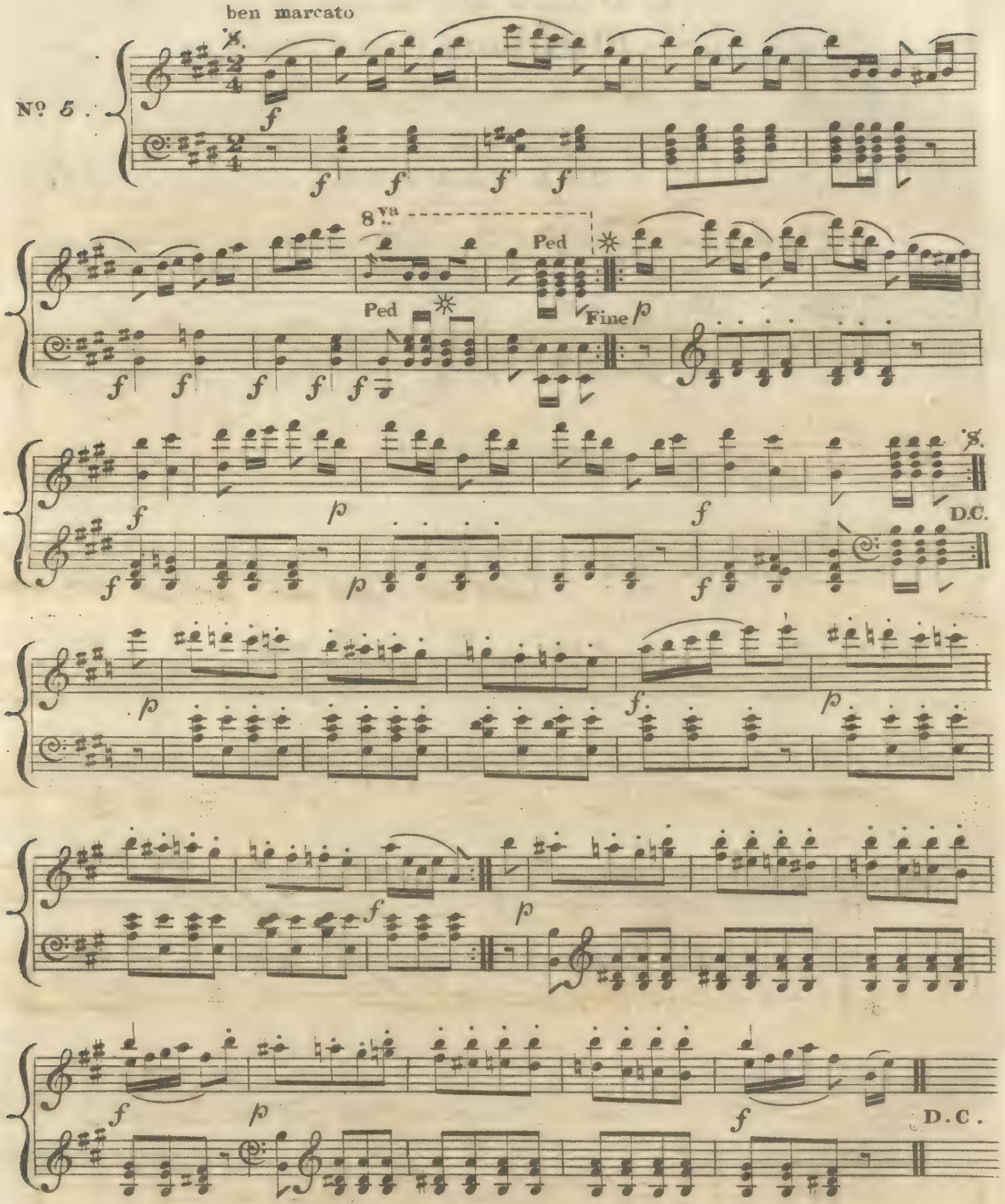
Composed by A. C. Boehm.




Con Spirito
No. 2
Ped
dolce
8va
8va
D.C.


No 3.
Dolce
p
mf
Cres
8va
p
hr
p
8va
hr
hr
hr
D. C.


No 4.
ff
p
Ped
f
p
8va
Ped
f
D.C.


ben marcato
Nº 5.
8va
Ped
Ped
Fine
D.C.
D.C.

QUADRILLES,

from Marschner's Grand Opera,

"DER VAMPYR."

THE VAMPYR.

Air.d by M. Dunois.

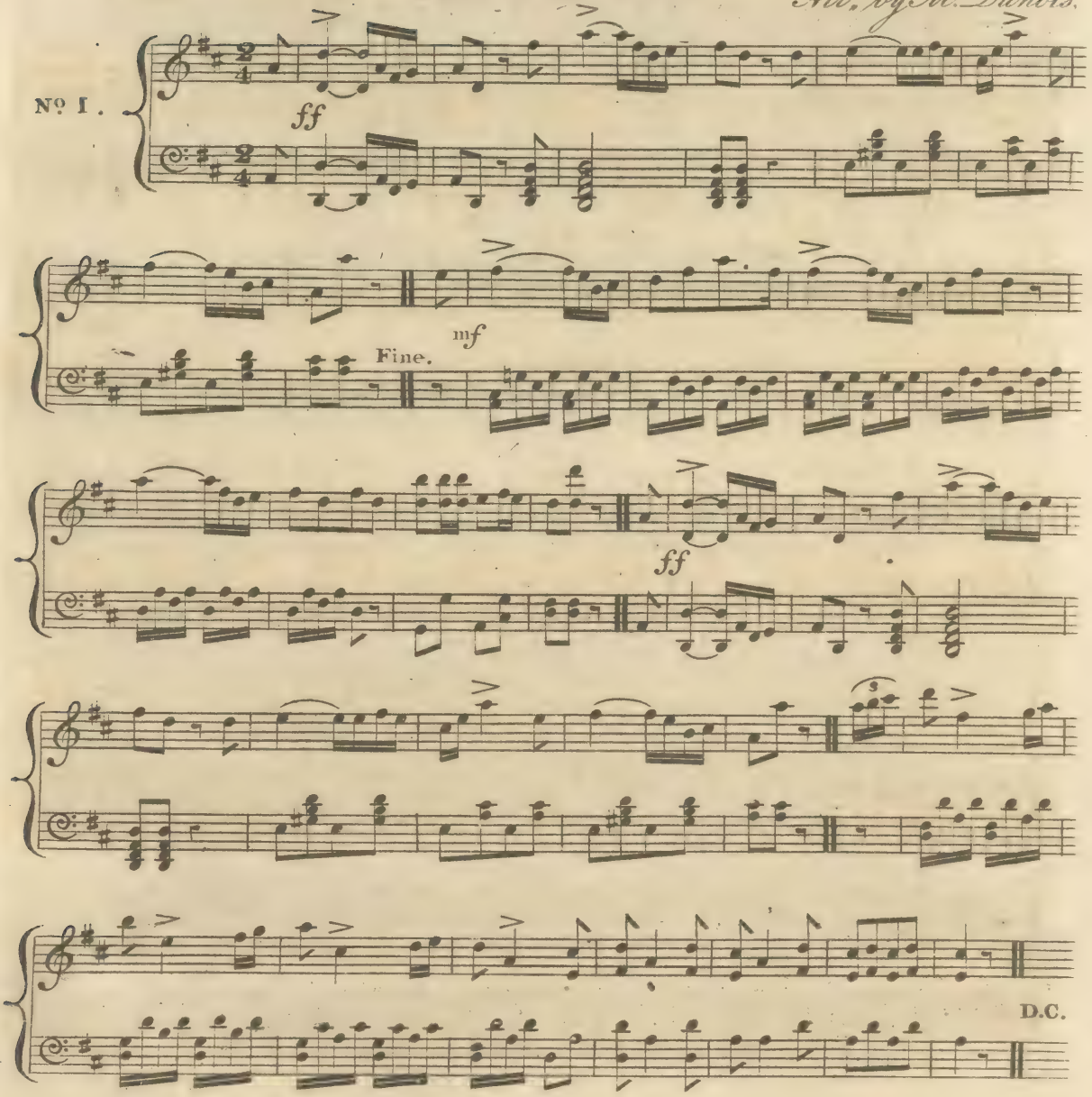


Figure du Pantalon

GANTHE.

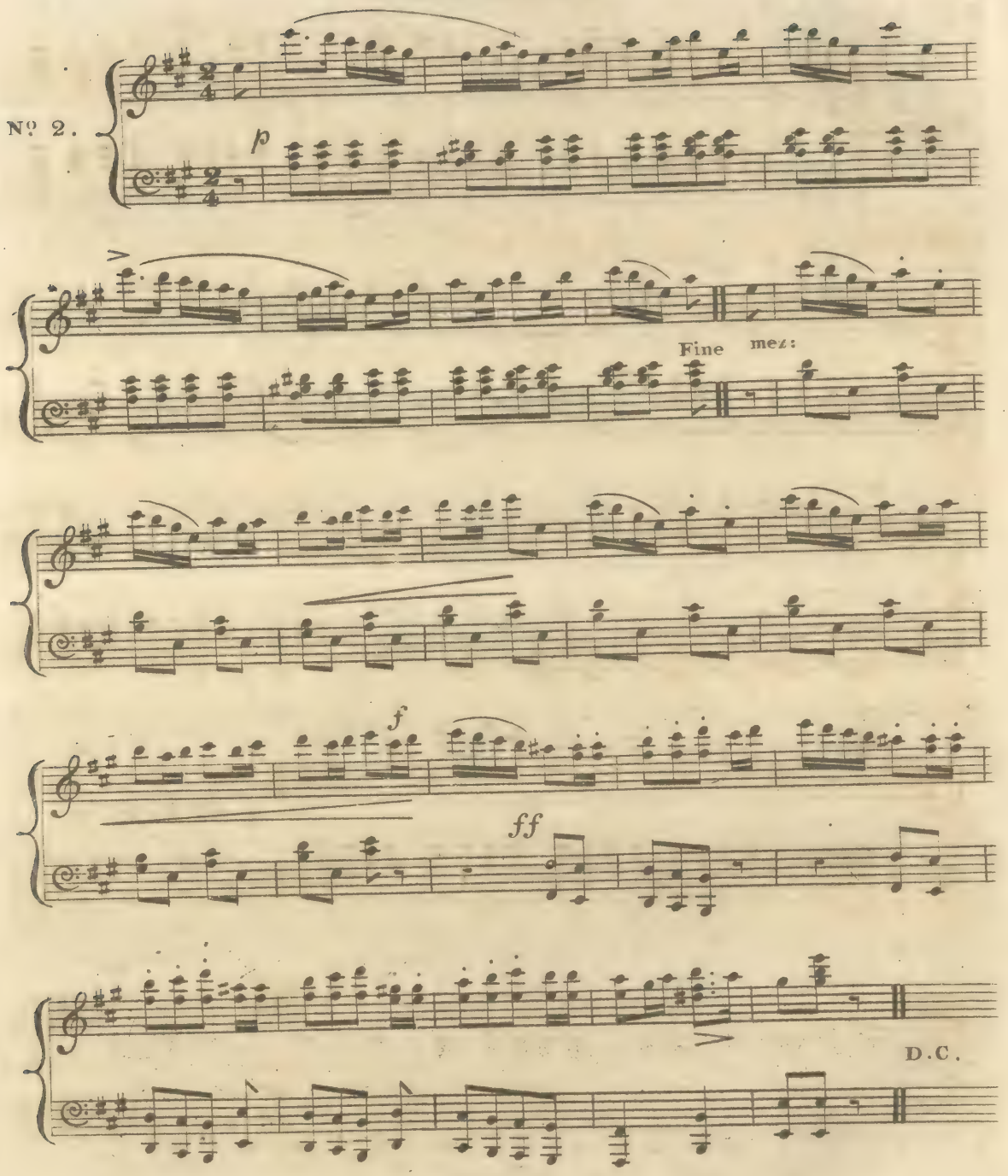


Figure de L'Eté

ZARINI.

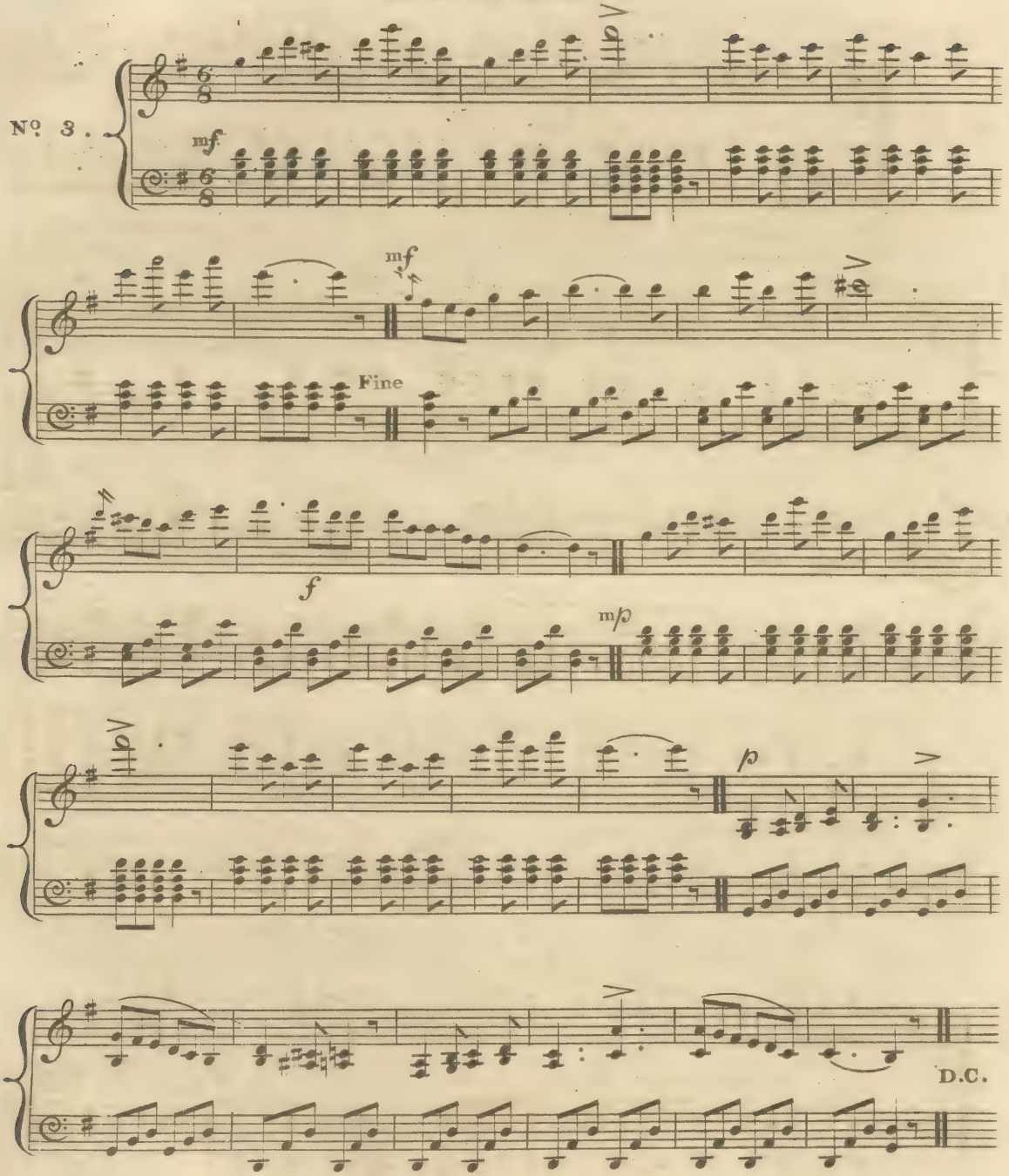


Figure de la Poule

WENZEL.

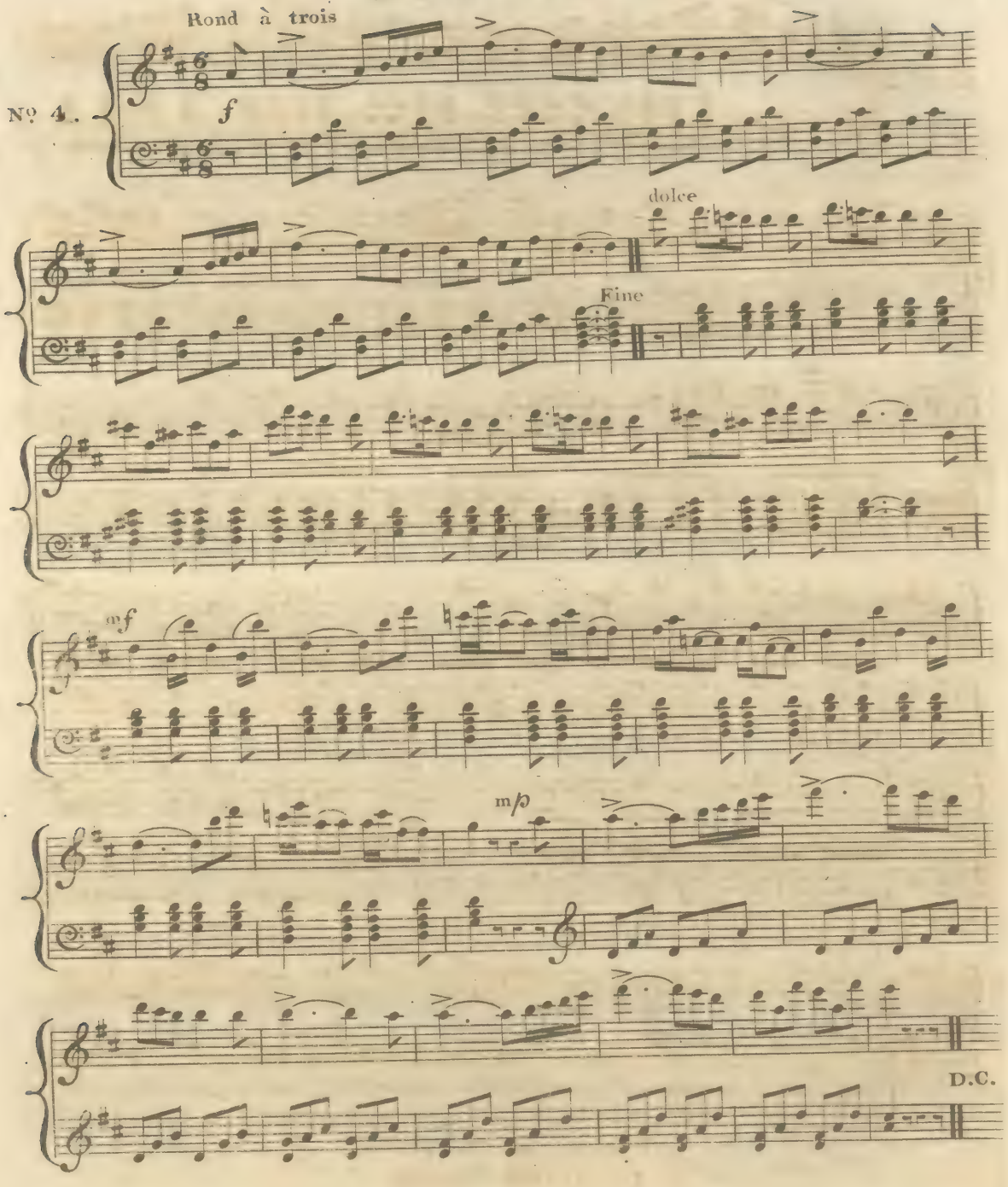


Figure de la Pastourelle

LIESTA.

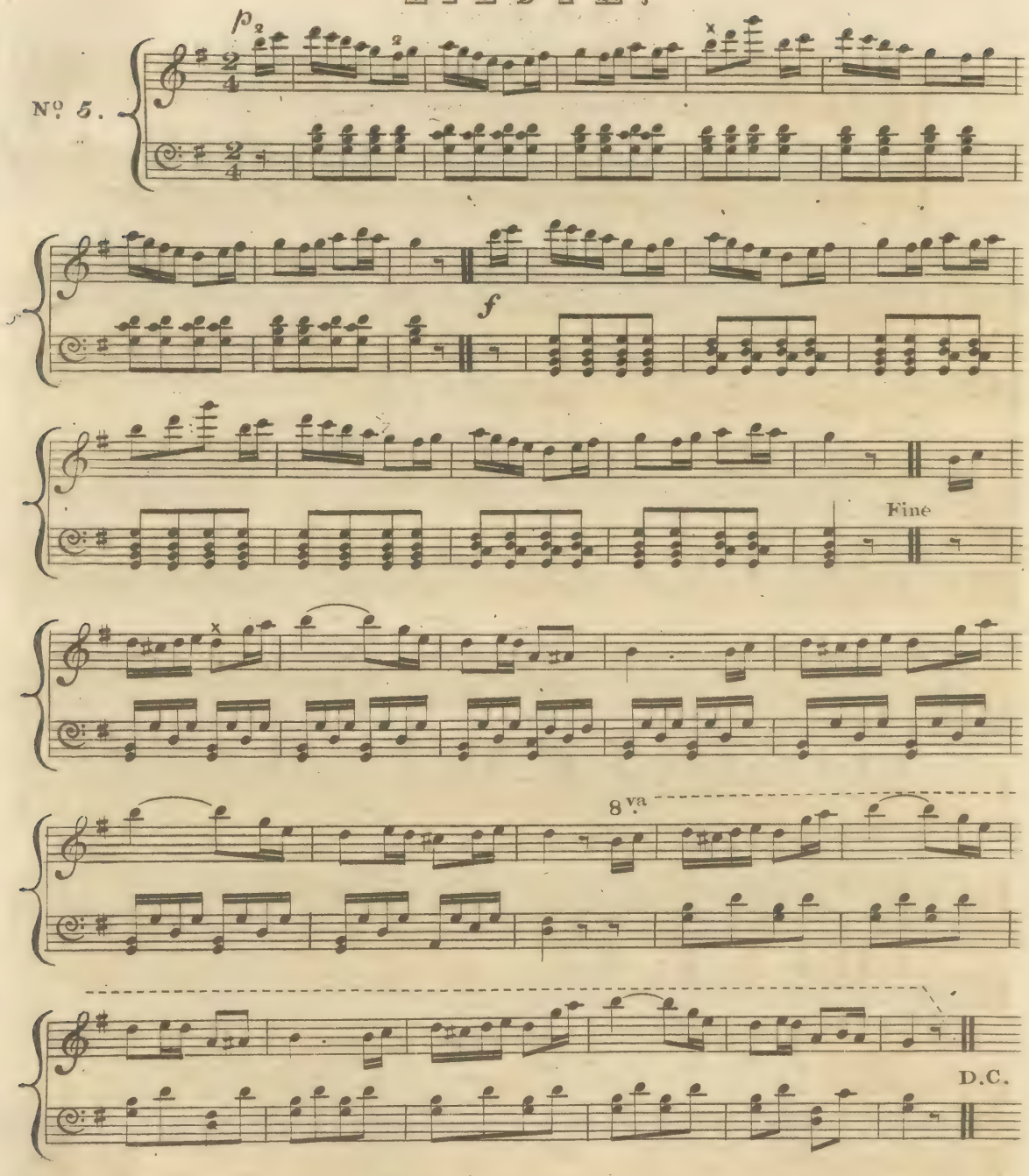
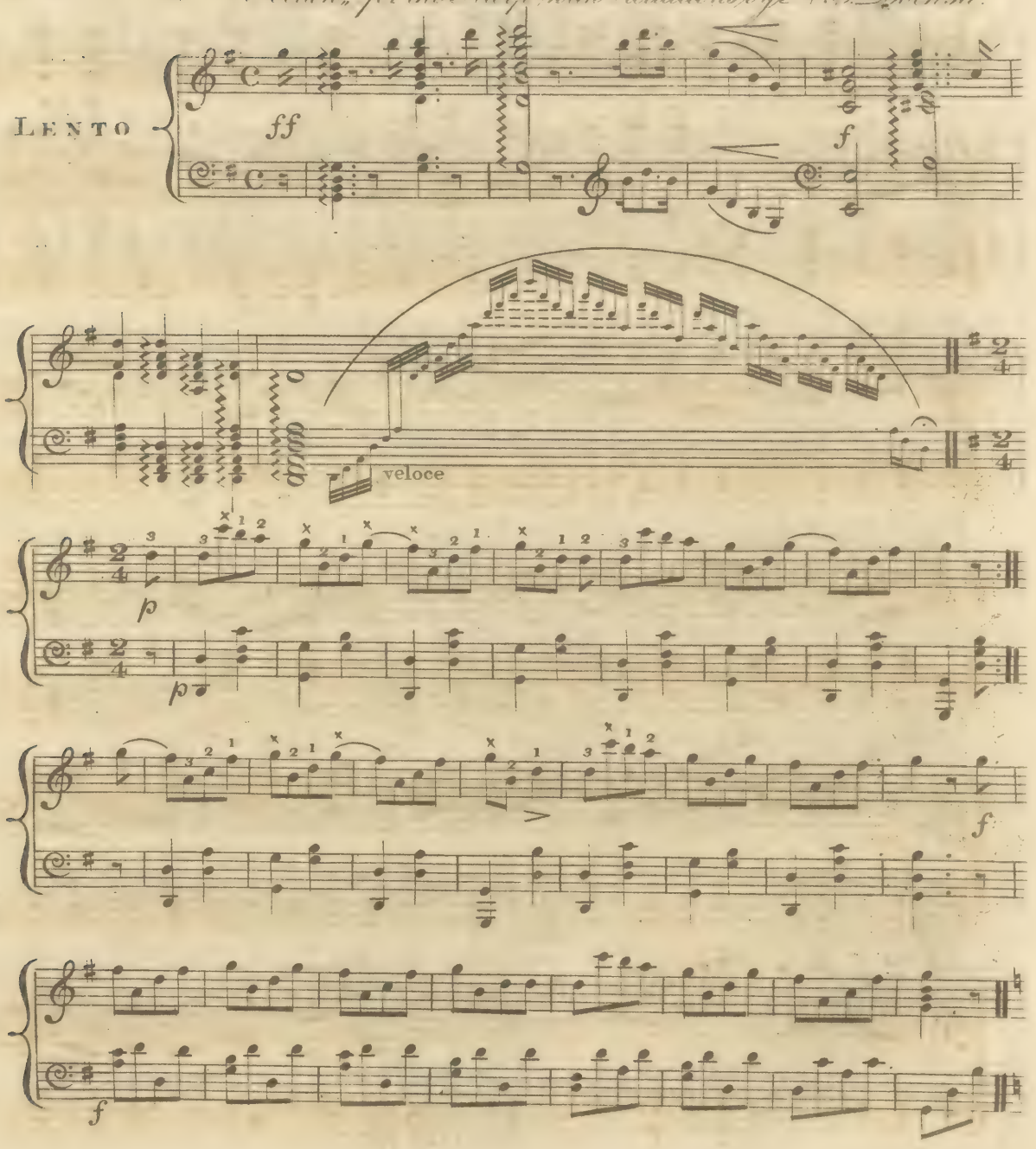
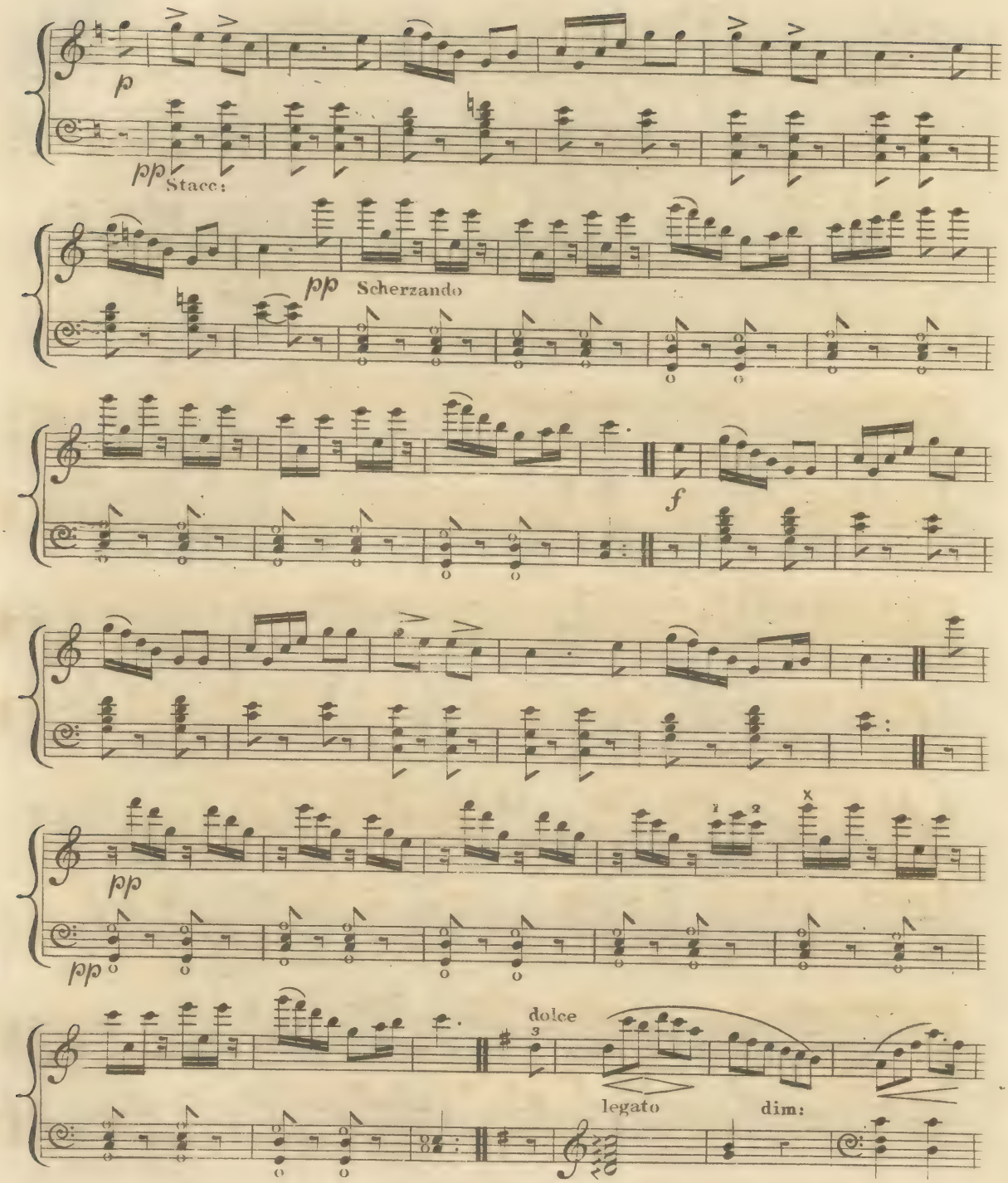


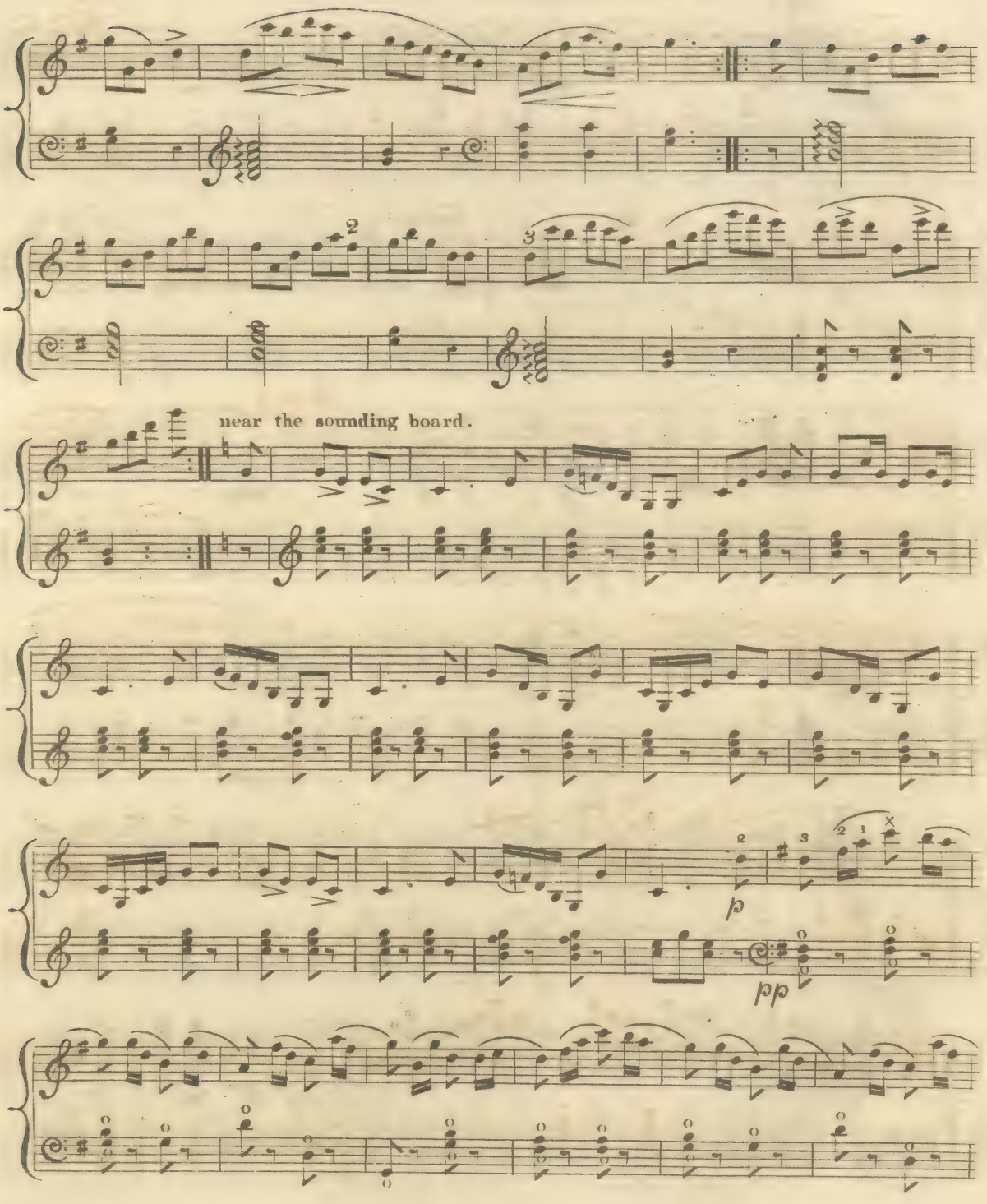
Figure de la Finale
Le Grand Rond
et L'Eté

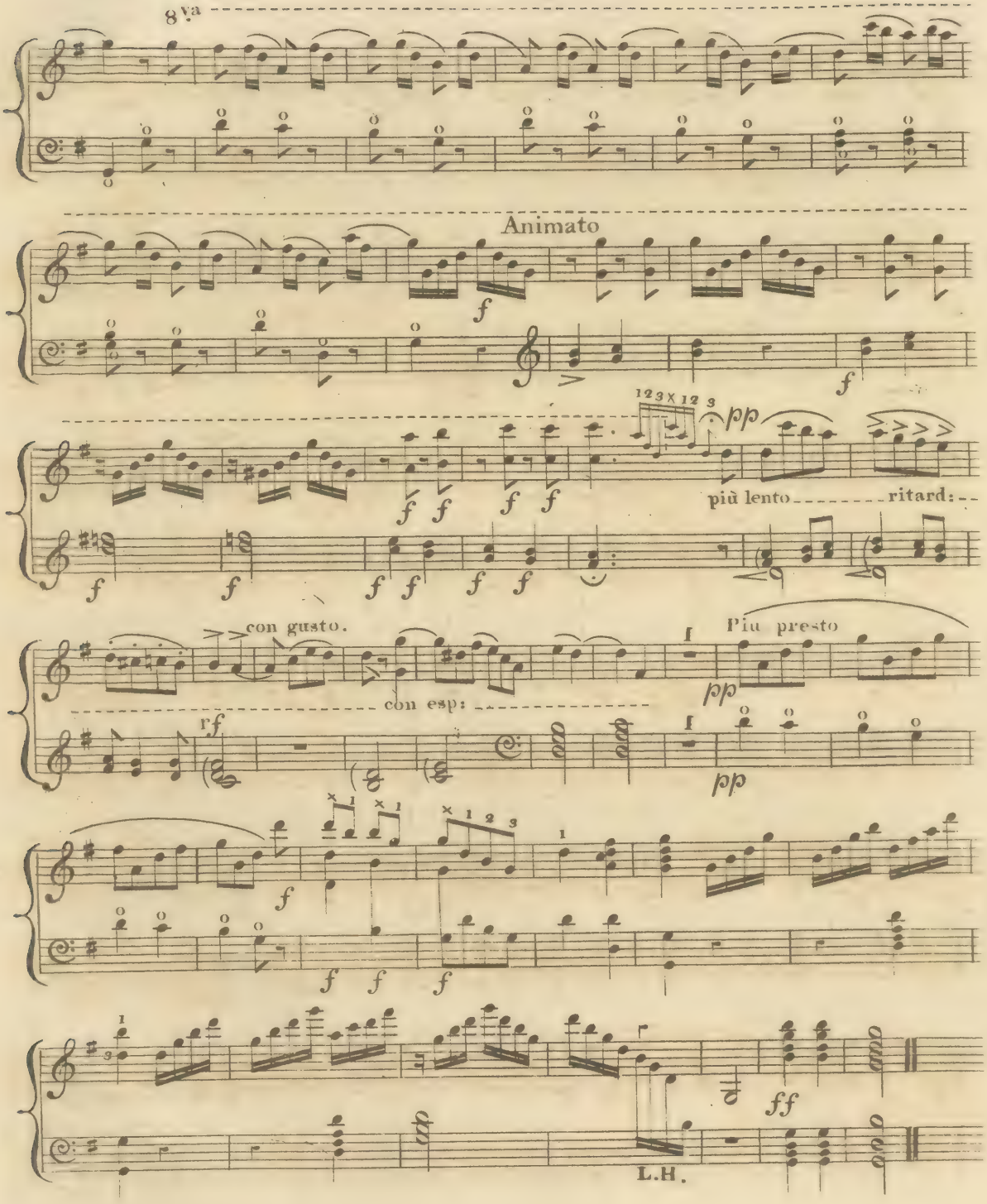
THE ADMIRED GALOPADE,

Arranged for the Harp with Variations by J. C. Bochsa.




p
pp
Stacc:
pp
Scherzando
f
pp
pp
dolce
legato
dim:


near the sounding board.
p
pp


8va
Animato
più lento
ritard:
con gusto.
con esp:
Più presto
L.H.